



ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

VOL. III.

The Sixty Ninth Night.

The Story of S I N D B A D the Sailor.



INARZADE having awaked her Sister, the Sultaneſs, as uſual, and pray'd her to tell another Story; *Scheherazade* ask'd leave of the Sultan; and having obtain'd it, began thus.

Sir, In the Reign of the ſame Califf *Haroun Alriſchid*, whom I formerly mention'd, there liv'd at *Bagdad*, a poor Porter call'd *Himbadi*. One Day, when the Weather was exceſſive hot, he was employ'd to carry a heavy Burden from one end of the Town to t'other. Being very weary, and having ſtill a great Way to go, he came into a Street, where a delicate weſtern Breeze blew on his Face, and the Pavement of the Street being ſprinkled with Roſe-water, he could not deſire a better Place to reſt in. Therefore,
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laying off his Burden, he sat down by it, near a great Houfe.

He was mightily pleas'd that he stop'd in this Place; for an agreeable Smell of Wood of Aloes, and of Pastils that came from the Houfe, mixing with the Scent of the Rose-water, did compleatly perfume and embalm the Air. Besides, he heard, from within, a Consort of several Sorts of instrumental Musick, accompanied with the harmonious Notes of Nightingales, and other Birds, peculiar to that Climate. This charming Melody, and the Smell of several Sorts of Victuals, made the Porter to think, That there was a Feast, and great Rejoycings within. His Occasions leading him seldom that way, he knew not who dwelt in the Houfe: But to satisfy his Curiosity, he went to some of the Servants, whom he saw standing in the Gate in magnificent Apparel, and ask'd the Name of the Master of the Houfe. *How*, reply'd one of 'em, *do you live in Bagdad; and know not that this is the House of Seignior Sindbad, the Sailor, that famous Traveller, who has sail'd round the World?* The Porter, who had heard of Sindbad's Riches could not but envy a Man whose Condition he thought to be as happy, as his own was deplorable: And his Mind being fretted with those Reflections, he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and says, loud enough to be heard, *Almighty Creator of all Things, consider the Difference between Sindbad and me. I am every Day exposed to Fatigues and Calamities, and can scarce get coarse Barley Bread for my self and my Family, whilst happy Sindbad profusely expends immense Riches, and leads a Life of continued Pleasure. What has he done to obtain from Thee a Lot so agreeable? And what have I done to deserve one so miserable?* Having finish'd his Expostulation, he struck his Foot against the Ground, like a Man swallow'd up of Grief and Despair.

Whilst the Porter was thus indulging his Melancholy, a Servant came out of the House, and taking him by the Arm, *bid him follow him, for Seignior Sindbad, his Master, wanted to speak with him.* Here, Day beginning to appear, Scheherazade broke off her Story, but resum'd it again next Morning, as follows.

The Seventieth Night.

SIR, Your Majesty may easily imagine, that poor *Hindbad* was not a little surpriz'd at this Compliment; for, considering what he had said, he was afraid *Sindbad* had sent for him to punish him: Therefore he would have excus'd himself; alledging, *That he could not leave his Burden in the middle of the Street.* But *Sindbad's* Servants assur'd him they would look to't, and press'd the Porter so, that he was oblig'd to yield.

The Servants brought him into a great Hall, where Abundance of People sat round a Table, cover'd with all sorts of fine Dishes. At the upper end there sat a grave, comely, venerable Gentleman, with a long white Beard, and behind him stood a number of Officers and Domesticks, all ready to serve him. This grave Gentleman was *Sindbad*. The Porter, whose Fear was encreased at the Sight of so many People, and of a Banquet so sumptuous, saluted the Company, trembling. *Sindbad* bid him draw near, and setting him down at his Right-hand, serv'd him himself, and gave him excellent Wine, of which there was good Store upon the Side-Board.

When Dinner was over, *Sindbad* began his Discourse to *Hindbad*; and calling him Brother according to the manner of *Arabians* when they are familiar one with another, he ask'd him his Name and Employment. *Seignior*, answer'd he, *my Name is Hindbad.* *I am very glad to see you*, replies *Sindbad*, *and I dare say the same for all the Company: But I would be glad to hear from your own Mouth, what it is you said a while ago in the Street.* For *Sindbad* had heard it himself through the Window, before he sat down at Table, and that occasion'd his calling for him.

Hindbad being surpriz'd at the Question, hung down his Head, and reply'd, *Seignior, I confess that my Weariness put me out of Humour, and occasion'd me to speak some indiscreet Words, which I beg you to pardon.* Oh don't you think I am so unjust, replies *Sindbad*, to resent such a Thing as that; I consider your Condition, and instead of upbraiding you with your Complaints, I am sorry for you; but I must rectify your Mistake concerning my self. You think,

no doubt, that I have acquir'd without Labour and Trouble, the Ease and Conveniency which I now enjoy. But don't mistake your self, I did not attain to this happy Condition, without enduring more Trouble of Body and Mind, for several Years, than can well be imagin'd. Yes Gentlemen, adds he, speaking to the whole Company, I can assure you, my Troubles were so extraordinary, that they were capable of discouraging the most covetous Man from undertaking such Voyages as I did to acquire Riches. Perhaps you have never heard a distinct Account of the wonderful Adventures and Dangers I met with, in my seven Voyages; and since I have this Opportunity, I am willing to give you a faithful Account of them, not doubting but it will be acceptable.

And because Sindbad was to tell this Story particularly upon the Porter's Account, he order'd his Burden to be carried to the Place appointed, and began thus.

The Story of SINDBAD, the Sailor.

HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

MY Father left me a considerable Estate, most Part of which I spent in Debauches, during my Youth; but I perceived my Error, and called to Mind that Riches were perishable, and quickly consumed by such ill Husbands as my self. I further consider'd, that, by my irregular Way of Living, I wretchedly mispent my Time, which is the most valuable Thing in the World. I remembered the Saying of the Great Solomon, which I had frequently heard from my Father, *That Death is more tolerable than Poverty*. Being struck with those Reflections, I gathered together the Ruins of my Estate, and sold all my Moveables in the publick Market to the highest Bidder. Then I entred into a Contract with some Merchants that traded by Sea; I took the Advice of such as I thought most capable to give it me: And, resolving to improve what Money I had, I went to *Balsora*, a Port on the *Persian* Gulph, and embark'd with several Merchants, who join'd with me to fit out a Ship on Purpose.

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We fet Sail, and steer'd our Course towards the *East-Indies* through the *Persian Gulph*, which is formed by the Coasts of *Arabia Felix* on the Right, by those of *Persia* on the Left, and, according to common Account, is 70 Leagues over at the broadest Place. The Eastern Sea as well as that of the *Indies*, is very spacious. It is bounded on one Side by the Coasts of *Abyssinia*, and is 4500 Leagues in Length to the Isles of *Vak vak*. * At first I was troubled with the Sea-Sickness, but speedily recovered my Health, and was not afterwards troubled with that Disease.

In our Voyage we touch'd at several Islands, where we sold or exchanged our Goods. One Day, whilst under Sail, we were becalm'd, near a little Island, even almost within the Surface of the

Water, which resembled a green Meadow. The Captain order'd his Sails to be furl'd, and suffer'd such Persons, as had a Mind, to land upon the Island, amongst whom I was one.

But, while we were diverting our Selves with Eating and Drinking, and refreshing our selves from the Fatigue of the Sea, the Island trembled all of a sudden, and shook us terribly.

Here *Scheherazade* stop'd, because Day appear'd, but resum'd her Discourse next Morning as follows,

The Seventy First Night.

SIR, *Sindbad* pursued his Story thus, They perceived the Trembling of the Island on board the Ship, and called to us to reembark speedily, or we should all be lost; for what we took for an Island was only the Back of a Whale. The nimblest got into the Sloop, others betook themselves to swim; but, for my part, I was still upon the Back of the Whale when he div'd into the Sea, and had Time only to catch hold of a Piece of Wood, that we had brought out of the Ship to make a Fire. Mean while the Captain, having receiv'd those on board, who were
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** Those Islands, according to the Arabians, are beyond China; and are so called from a Tree which bears a Fruit of that Name. They are without doubt the Isles of Japan; but they are not however so far from Abyssinia.*

in the Sloop, and taken up some of those that swam resolv'd to improve the favourable Gale that was just risen, and hoisting his Sails pursued his Voyage, so that it was impossible to recover the Ship.

Thus I was expos'd to the Mercy of the Waves, and struggled for my Life, all the rest of the Day and the following Night. Next Morning I found my Strength gone, and despair'd of saving my Life, when a Wave threw me happily against an Island: The Bank was high and rugged, so that I could scarcely have got up had it not been for some Roots of Trees, which Fortune seem'd to have preserv'd in this Place for my Safety. Being got up, I lay down upon the Ground half dead, until such Time as the Sun appeared. Then, tho' I was very feeble, both by reason of my hard Labour and want of Victuals, I creep'd along to see for some Herbs fit to eat, and had not only the good Luck to find some but likewise a Spring of excellent Water, which contributed much to recover me. After this I advanc'd further into the Island, and came at last into a fine Plain, where I perceived a Horse feeding at a great Distance, I went towards him betwixt Hopes and Fear, not knowing whether I was going to lose my Life or to save it. When I came near, I perceived it to be a very fine Mare, tied to a Stake. Whilst I looked upon her, I heard the Voice of a Man from under Ground, who immediately appeared to me, and ask'd who I was? I gave him an Account of my Adventure, after which, taking me by the Hand, he led me into a Cave, where there were several other People, no less amaz'd to see me, than I was to see them.

I eat some Victuals which they offer'd me, and then having ask'd them what they did in such a desert Place? they answer'd; That they were Grooms, belonging to King *Mibrage*, Sovereign of the Island; and that every Year at the same Season, they brought thither the King's Mares, and fasten'd them as I saw that Mare, until they were cover'd by a Horse that came out of the Sea, who, after he had done so, endeavour'd to destroy the Mares, but they hinder'd him by their Noise, and oblig'd him to return to the Sea; after which they carry'd home the Mares, whose Foals were kept for the King's Use, and called Sea-Horses. They added, that they were to go home to

Morrow.

Morrow, and had I been one Day later, I must have perish'd; because the inhabited Place of the Island, was at a great Distance, and it would have been impossible for me to have got thither without a Guide

Whilst they entertain'd me thus, the Horse came out of the Sea, as they had told me, cover'd the Mare, and afterwards would have devour'd her, but, upon a great Noise made by the Grooms, he left her, and went back to the Sea.

Next Morning they return'd with their Mares to the Capital of the Island, took me with them, and presented me to King *Mihrage*; He ask'd me who I was? By what Adventure I came into his Dominions? And, after I had satisfy'd him, he told me he was much concerned for my Misfortune, and at the same time order'd that I should want nothing, which his Officers were so generous and careful as to see exactly fulfill'd.

Being a Merchant, I frequented Men of my own Profession, and particularly enquir'd for those who were Strangers, If perhaps I might hear any News from *Bagdad*, or find an Opportunity to return thither. For King *Mikrage's* Capital is situated on the Bank of the Sea, and has a fine Harbour where Ships arrive daily from the different Quarters of the World. I frequented also the Society of the learned *Indians*, and took delight to hear them discourse; but withal I took care to make my Court regularly to the King, and convers'd with the Governors and Petty-Kings, his Tributaries that were about him. They ask'd me a thousand Questions about my Country; and I being willing to inform my self as to their Laws and Customs, ask'd them every thing, which I thought worth knowing.

There belongs to this King an Island named *Cassel*, they assured me, that every Night a Noise of Drums was heard there, whence the Mariners fancied, that it was the Residence of *Degial*.* I had a great mind to see this wonderful Place, and in my way thither saw Fishes of 100 and 200 Cubits long, that occasion more Fear than Hurt, for they are so fearful, that they will fly upon the Rattling of two

* *Degial to the Mahomitans is the same with Antichrist to us. According to them he is to appear about the End of the World, and*
Sticks,

will conquer all the Earth, except Mecca, Medina, Tarsus and Jerusalem, that are to be preserved by Angels, which he shall see round them.

Sticks, or Boards. I saw likewise other Fishes about a Cubit in Length, that had Heads like Owls.

As I was one Day at the Port, after my Return, a Ship arriv'd, and as soon as she cast Anchor, they began to unload her, and

the Merchants on Board order'd their Goods to be carry'd into the Magazine; as I cast my Eye upon some Bales, and look'd to the Name, I found my own, and perceived the Bales to be the same that I had embark'd at *Balsora*. I also knew the Captain, but being perswaded that he believ'd me to be drown'd, I went and ask'd him whose those Bales? He reply'd That they belong'd to a Merchant of *Bagdad*, call'd *Sindbad*, who came to Sea with him; but one Day, being near an Island, as we thought, he went ashore with several other Passengers upon this supposed Island, which was only a monstrous Whale, that lay asleep upon the Surface of the Water, but as soon he felt the Heat of the Fire, they had kindled on his Back, to dress some Victuals, began to move, and div'd under Water, most of the Persons who were upon him perish'd, and among them unfortunate *Sindbad*. Those Bales belong'd to him, and I am resolv'd to trade with them, until I meet with some of his Family, to whom I may return the Profit. Captain, says I, I am that *Sindbad*, whom you thought to be dead, and those Bales are mine. Here *Scheherazade* stop'd, till next Morning, and went on as follows,

The Seventy Second Night.

SINDBAD, pursuing his Story, says to the Company. When the Captain heard me speak thus: O Heaven, says he, who can ever trust now a Days, there's no Faith left among Men. I saw *Sindbad* perish with my own Eyes, and the Passengers on Board saw it as well as I, and yet you tell me, you are that *Sindbad*, What Impudence this is? To look on you, one would take you to be a Man of Probity, and yet you tell a horrible Falshood, in order to possess your self of what does not belong to you. Have Patience, Captain, reply'd I, do me the Favour to hear what

what I have to say. Very well, says he, speak, I am ready to hear you. Then I told him how I escap'd, and by what Adventure I met with the Grooms of King *Mih-rage*, who brought me to his Court.

He began to abate of his Confidence upon my Discourse, and was soon perswaded that I was no Cheat. For there came People from his Ship who knew me, made me great Compliments, and testify'd a great deal of Joy to see me alive. At last he knew me himself, and embracing me, *Heaven be praised*, says he, *for your happy Escape, I can't enough express my Joy for it, there's your Goods, take and do with 'em what you will.* I thank'd him, acknowledg'd his Probity, and in Requital, offer'd him part of my Goods as a Present which he generously refused.

I took out what was most valuable in my Bales, and presented it to King *Mih-rage*, who, knowing my Misfortune, ask'd me how I came by such Rarities? I acquainted him with the whole Story, he was mightily pleas'd at my good Luck, accepted my Present, and gave me one much more considerable in Return. Upon this I took Leave of him, and went a-board the same Ship, after I had exchanged my Goods with the Commodities of that Country. I carried with me Wood of *Aloes*, *Sanders*, *Camphire*, *Nutmegs*, *Gloves*, *Pepper* and *Ginger*. We pass'd by several Islands, and at last arriv'd at *Balsora*, from whence I came to this City, with the Value of 100000 *Sequins*. * My Family and

I receiv'd one another with all the Transports that can happen from true and sincere Friendship. I bought Slaves of both Sexes, fine

* *The Turkish Sequin is about 9 s. Sterling.*

Lands, and built me a great House. And thus I settled my self, resolving to forget the Miseries I had suffer'd, and to enjoy the Pleasures of Life.

Sindbad stop'd here, and order'd the Musicians to go on with their Concerts, which his Story had interrupted. The Company continu'd to eat and drink till the Evening that it was time to retire, when *Sindbad* sent for a Purse of 100 *Sequins*, and giving it to the Porter, says, *Take this, Hindbad, return to your Home, and come back to Morrow, to hear some more of my Adventures.*
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The Porter went Home astonish'd at the Honours done him, and the Present made him. The Relation of it was very agreeable to his Wife and Children, who did not fail to return Thanks to God for what Providence had sent them by the Hands of *Sindbad*.

Hindbad put on his best Cloaths next Day, and return'd to the bountiful Traveller, who receiv'd him with a pleasant Air, and caress'd him mightily. When all the Guests were come, Dinner was set upon the Table, and continued a long Time. When it was ended, *Sindbad*, addressing himself to the Company, said, Gentlemen, be pleas'd to give me Audience, and listen to the Adventures of my Second Voyage; they better deserve your Attention than the First, upon which every one held his Peace, and *Sindbad* went on thus.

The second Voyage of SINDBAD the Sailor.

I Design'd after my first Voyage, to spend the rest of my Days at *Bagdad*, as I had the Honour to tell you Yesterday; but it was not long ere I grew weary of an idle Life. My Inclination to Trade reviv'd. I bought Goods proper for the Commerce I design'd, and put to Sea a second Time with Merchants of known Probity. We embark'd on Board a good Ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail; we traded from Island to Island, and exchanged Commodities with great Profit. One Day we landed in an Isle cover'd with several Sorts of Fruit-Trees, but so desert, that we could neither see Man nor House upon it. We went to take a little fresh Air in the Meadows, and along the Streams that water'd them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering Flowers, and others with gathering Fruits; I took my Wine and Provisions, and sat down by a Stream betwixt two great Trees, which form'd a curious Shade. I made a very good Meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I can't tell how long I slept, but when I waked the Ship was gone. Here *Scheherazade* broke off, because Day appear'd, but next Night continued the Story thus.

The Seventy Third Night.

I Was very much surpriz'd, says *Simbad*, to find the Ship gone; got up, look'd about every where, and could not see one of the Merchants who landed with me. At last I perceived the Ship under sail; but at such a Distance, that I lost Sight of her in a very little Time.

I leave you to guess at my melancholy Reflections in this sad Condition; I was like to die of Grief; I cry'd out sadly; I beat my Head and Breast and threw my self down upon the Ground where I lay a long Time in a terrible Agony, one afflicting Thought being succeeded by another still more afflicting, I upbraided my self an hundred times, for not being content with the Product of my first Voyage that might very well have served me all my Life. But all this was in vain, and my Repentance out of Season.

At last I resign'd my self to the Will of God; and not knowing what to do, I climb'd up to the Top of a great Tree, from whence I look'd about on all Sides to see if there were any Thing that could give me Hopes. When I look'd towards the Sea, I could see nothing but Sky and Water; but, looking towards the Land, I saw something white; and coming down from the Tree, I took up what Provision I had left, and went towards it, the Distance being so great, that I could not distinguish what it was.

When I came nearer, I thought it to be a white Bowl, of a prodigious Height and Bigness; and when I came up to it, I touch'd it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any Side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing to the Top of it, it was so smooth. It was at least 50 Paces round.

By this Time the Sun was ready to set, and all of a sudden the Sky became as dark as if it had been cover'd with a thick Cloud. I was much astonish'd at this sudden Darkness, but much more when I found it occasion'd by a Bird of a monstrous Size, that came flying towards me. I remembered a Fowl, call'd *Roc*, that I had often heard Mariners speak of, and conceiv'd that the great Bowl, which I so much admir'd, must needs be its Egg. In short the Bird lighted, and sat over the Egg to hatch it. As I perceiv'd her coming, I crept close to the Egg, so that I had

before me one of the Legs of the Bird, that was as big as the Trunk of a Tree, I tied my self strongly to it with the

* Mark Paul in his *Travels, and Father Martini in his History of China, speak of this Bird, and say, it will take up an Elephant, and a Rhinoceros.*

Cloth that went round my Turban, in hopes that when the *Roc* * flew away next Morning, she would carry me with her out of this desert Island. And after having pass'd the Night in this Condition, the Bird actually flew away next Morning, as soon as 'twas Day, and carry'd me so high that I could not see the Earth; she afterwards descended all of a sudden with

so much Rapidity, that I lost my Senses. But when the *Roc* was fate, and that I found my self on the Ground, I speedily untied the Knot, and had scarce done, when the Bird having taken up a Serpent of a monstrous Length in her Bill, flew strait away.

The Place where it left me was a very deep Valley, encompass'd on all Sides with Mountains so high, that they seem'd to reach above the Clouds, and so full of steep Rocks, that there was no Possibility to get out of the Valley. This was a new Perplexity upon me; so that when I compar'd this Place with the desert Island, the *Roc* brought me from, I found that I gain'd nothing by the Change.

As I walk'd through this Valley, I perceiv'd it was strew'd with Diamonds, some of which were of a surprising Bigness, I took a great deal of Pleasure to look upon them; but speedily saw at a Distance such Objects as very much diminish'd my Satisfaction, and which I could not look upon without Terror; that was a great Number of Serpents, so big, and so long, that the least of 'em was capable of swallowing an Elephant. They retir'd in the Day Time to their Dens, where they hid themselves from the *Roc* their Enemy, and did not come out but in the Night-time.

I spent the Day in walking about the Valley, resting my self at Times in such Places as I thought most commodious. When Night came on, I went into a Cave, where I thought I might be in safety; I stop'd the Mouth of it, which was low and strait, with a great Stone, to preserve me from the Serpents; but not so exactly fitted as to hinder

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der Light from coming in. I supped on part of my Provisions; but the Serpents, which began to appear, hissing about in the mean Time, put me into such extream Fear, that you may easily imagine I did not sleep. When Day appear'd, the Serpents retir'd, and I came out of the Cave trembling. I can justly say, that I walked a long Time upon Diamonds, without having a Mind to touch any of 'em. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my Uneasiness, not having shut my Eyes during the Night, I fell asleep after having eat a little more of my Provisions. But I had scarce shut my Eyes, when something, that fell by me with a great Noise, waken'd me, and that was a great Piece of fresh Meat, and at the same Time I saw several others fall down from the Rocks in different Places.

I always look'd upon it to be a Fable, when I heard Mariners and others Discourse of the Valley of Diamonds, and of the Stratagem made use of by some Merchants to get Jewels from thence; but then I found it to be true. For in reality, those Merchants come to the Neighbourhood of this Valley, when the Eagles have young Ones, and throwing great Joints of Meat into this Valley, the Diamonds, upon whose Points they fall, stick to them; the Eagles, which are stronger in this Country than any where else, fall down with great Force upon those pieces of Meat, and carry them to their Nests, upon the Top of the Rocks to feed their young Eagles with; at which Time the Merchants, running to their Nests, frighten the Eagles by their Noise, and take away the Diamonds which stick to the Meat. And this Stratagem they make use of to get the Diamonds out of the Valley, which is surrounded with such Precipices that no Body can enter it.

I believ'd ever till then, that it was not possible for me to get out of this Abyss, which I look'd upon as my Grave, but then I chang'd my Mind; for the falling in of those Pieces of Meat, put me in hopes of a Way of saving my Life. Here Day began to appear, which oblig'd *Scheherazade* to break off; but she went on with it next Night as follows.

The Seventy Fourth Night.

SIR, says she to the Sultan, *Sinbad* continued the Story of the Adventures of his second Voyage thus: I began to gather together the greatest Diamonds that I could see, and put them into the Leather Bag where I used to carry my Provisions. I afterwards took the largest Piece of Meat I could find, tied it close round me with the Cloth of my Turban, and then laid my self upon the Ground with my Face downward, the Bag of Diamonds being tied fast to my Girdle, that it could not possibly drop off.

I had scarce laid me down, till the Eagles came, each of 'em seiz'd a Piece of Meat, and one of the strongest having taken me up, with the Piece of Meat on my Back, carry'd me to his Nest on the Top of the Mountain. The Merchants fell straightway a shouting to frighten the Eagles; and when they had oblig'd them to quit their Prey, one of them came up to the Nest where I was: He was very much afraid when he saw me; but recovering himself, instead of enquiring how I came thither, he began to quarrel with me, and ask'd, Why I stole his Goods? You will treat me, reply'd I, with more Civility, when you know me better. Don't trouble your self. I have Diamonds enough for you and me too, more than all the other Merchants together. If they have any, 'tis by Chance; but I chose my self in the Bottom of the Valley all those which you see in this Bag; and having spoke those Words, I shew'd 'em him. I had scarce done speaking when the other Merchants came trooping about us, very much astonish'd to see me; but they were much more surpriz'd when I told them my Story: Yet they did not so much admire my Stratagem to save my self, as my Courage to attempt it.

They carry'd me to the Place where they staid altogether, and there having open'd my Bag, they were surpriz'd at the largeness of my Diamonds, and confess'd, That in all the Courts where they had been, they never saw any that came near them. I pray'd the Merchant, to whom the Nest belong'd whither I was carry'd, for every Merchant had his own, to take as many for his Share as he pleas'd; he contented himself with one, and that too the least of 'em; and

and when I press'd him to take more for fear of doing me any Injury: No, says he, I am very well satisfy'd with this, which is valuable enough to save me the Trouble of making any more Voyages, to raise as great a Fortune as I desire.

I spent the Night with those Merchants, to whom I told my Story a second Time, for the Satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my Joy, when I found my self delivered from the Dangers I have mention'd; I thought my self to be in a Dream, and could scarce believe my self to be out of Hazard.

The Merchants had thrown their Pieces of Meat into the Valley for several Days. And each of them being satisfy'd with the Diamonds that had fallen to his Lot, we left the Place next Morning altogether, and travell'd near high Mountains, where there were Serpents of a prodigious Length, which we had the good Fortune to escape. We took the first Port we came at, and came to the Isle of *Reba*, where the Trees grow that yield Camphire. This Tree is so large, and its Branches so thick, that 100 Men may easily sit under its Shade. The Juice of which the Camphire is made, runs out from a Hole bor'd in the upper Part of the Tree, is received in a Vessel, where it grows to a Consistency, and becomes what we call Camphire; and the Juice thus drawn out, the Tree withers and dies.

There is in this Island the *Rhinoceros*, a Creature less than the Elephant, but greater than the *Buffalo*; they have a Horn upon their Nose, about a Cubit long; this Horn is solid, and cleft in the middle from one end to t'other, and there is upon it white Draughts, representing the Figure of a Man. The *Rhinoceros* fights with the *Elephant*, runs his Horn into his Belly, and carries him off upon his Head; but the Blood and the Fat of the *Elephant* running into his Eyes, and making him blind he falls to the Ground; and that which is astonishing, the *Roc* comes and carries them both away in her Claws, to be Meat to her young Ones.

I pass over many other Things peculiar to this Island, lest I should be troublesome to you. Here I exchang'd some of my Diamonds for good Merchandize. From thence we went to other Isles, and at last, having touch'd at several trading Towns of the firm Land, we landed at

Balfora; from whence I went to *Bagdad*. There I immediately gave great Alms to the Poor, and lived honourably upon the vast Riches I had brought and gain'd with so much Fatigue. Thus *Sindbad* ended the Story of his second Voyage, gave *Hindbad* another 100 *Sequins*, and invited him to come next Day to hear the Story of the third. The rest of the Guests returned to their Homes, and came again the next Day at the same Hour, and to be sure the Porter did not fail, having by this Time almost forgot his former Poverty. When Dinner was over, *Sindbad* demanded Attention, and gave them an Account of his third Voyage, as follows.

S I N D B A D *the Sailor's third Voyage.*

THE Pleasures of the Life which I then led, soon made me forget the Risks I had run in my two former Voyages; but being then in the Flower of my Age, I grew weary of living without Business, and hardening my self against the Thought of any Danger I might incur, I went from *Bagdad* with the richest Commodities of the Country of *Balfora*. There I embark'd again with other Merchants. We made a long Navigation, and touch'd at several Ports, where we drove a considerable Commerce. One Day being out in the main Ocean, we were attack'd by a horrible Tempest, which made us lose our Course. The Tempest continued several Days, and brought us before the Port of an Island, where the Captain was very unwilling to enter, but we were oblig'd to cast Anchor there. When we had furl'd our Sails, the Captain told us, That this, and some other Neighbouring Islands, were inhabited by hairy Savages, who would speedily attack us; and, tho' they were but Dwarfs, yet our Misfortune was such, that we must make no Resistance, for they were more in Number than the Locusts, and if we happen'd to kill one of them, they would all fall upon us and destroy us. Here Day beginning to appear, *Scheherazade* broke off her Story, and continued it next Night as follows.

The Seventy Fifth Night.

THIS Discourse of the Captain, says *Sindbad*, put the whole Equipage into a great Consternation, and we found very soon to our Cost, that what he told us was but too true. An innumerable multitude of frightful Savages, cover'd all over with red Hair, and about two Foot high, came swimming towards us, and encompass'd our Ship in a little Time. They spoke to us as they came near, but we understood not their Language; they climb'd up the Sides of the Ship with so much Agility as surpriz'd us. We beheld all this with a mortal Fear, without daring to offer at defending our selves, or to speak one Word to divert them from their mischievous Design. In short, they took down our Sails, cut the Cable, and hawling to the Shore, made us all get out, and afterwards carry'd the Ship into another Island, from whence they came. All Travelers carefully avoided that Island where they left us, it being very dangerous to stay there, for a Reason you shall here anon, but we were forc'd to bear our Affliction with Patience.

We went forward into the Island, where we found some Fruits and Herbs to prolong our Lives as long as we could; but we expected nothing but Death. As we went on, we perceiv'd at a Distance a great Pile of Building, and made towards it. We found it to be a Palace well built, and very high, with a Gate of Ebony of two Leaves, which we thrust open. We enter'd the Court, where we saw before us a vast Apartment, with a Porch, having on one Side a Heap of Men's Bones, and on the other a vast Number of roast Spits. We trembled at this Spectacle, and being weary with travelling, our Legs fail'd under us, we fell to the Ground, being seiz'd with a mortal Fear, and lay a long Time immoveable.

The Sun was set, and whilst we were in this lamentable Condition just now mention'd, the Gate of the Apartment open'd with a great Noise, and there came out the horrible Figure of a black Man, as high as a tall Palm-Tree. He had but one Eye, and that in the middle of his Forehead, where it look'd as red as a burning Coal. His Fore-teeth were very long and sharp, and came without his Mouth,

which was as deep as that of a Horse. His upper Lip hung down upon his Breast. His Ears resembled those of an Elephant, and cover'd his Shoulder; and his Nails were as long and as crooked as the Tallons of the greatest Birds. At the sight of so frightful a Giant, we lost all Sense, and lay like Men dead.

At last we came to our selves, and saw him sitting in the Porch looking at us; when he had consider'd us well, he advanc'd towards us, and, laying his Hand upon me, he took me up by the Nape of my Neck, and turn'd me round as a Butcher would do a Sheep's-head; after having view'd me well, and perceiving me to be so lean that I had nothing but Skin and Bone, he let me go. He took up all the rest one by one, view'd them in the same manner, and the Captain being the fattest, he held him with one Hand, as I would do a Sparrow, and, thrusting a Spit thro' him, kindled a great Fire, roasted, and eat him in his Apartment, for his Supper, which being done, he returned to his Porch, where he lay and fell asleep, snoring louder than Thunder: He slept thus till the Morning; for our parts, it was not possible for us to enjoy any rest, so that we passed the Night in the most cruel Fear that can be imagin'd. Day being come, the Giant awak'd, got up, went out, and left us in the Palace.

When we thought him at a distance, then we broke the melancholy Silence we had kept all Night, and every one grieving more than another, we made the Palace to resound with our Complaints and Groans. Though there was a great many of us, and that we had but one Enemy, we had not at first the presence of mind to think of delivering our selves from him by his Death. This Enterprize however, tho' hard to put in Execution, was the only Design we ought naturally to have form'd.

We thought upon several other things, but determin'd nothing, so that submitting to what it should please God to order concerning us, we spent the Day in running about the Island, for Fruit and Herbs to sustain our Lives. When Evening came, we sought for a Place to lye in, but found none, so that we were forc'd, whether we would or not, to return to the Palace.

The Giant fail'd not to come back, and supped once more upon one of our Companions, after which he slept, and

and snor'd till Day, and then went out and left us as formerly. Our Condition was so very terrible, that several of my Comrades design'd to throw themselves into the Sea, rather than die so strange a Death; and those, who were of this Mind, argued with the rest to follow their Example. Upon which one of the Company answer'd, *That we were forbid to destroy our selves; but, allowing it to be lawful, it was more reasonable to think of a Way to rid our selves of the barbarous Tyrant, who design'd so cruel a Death for us.*

Having thought of a Project for that End, I communicated the same to my Comrades, who approv'd it. Brethren, said I, you know there's a great deal of Timber floating upon the Coast, if you'll be advis'd by me, let us make several Floats of it that may carry us, and when they are done, leave them there till we think fit to make use of them. In the meantime we will execute the Design to deliver our selves from the Giant, and if it succeed, we may stay here with Patience till some Ship pass by, that may carry us out of this fatal Island; but if it happen to miscarry, we will speedily get to our Floats, and put to Sea. I confess that by exposing our selves to the Fury of the Waves, we run a Risk of losing our Lives; but if we do, is it not better to be buried in the Sea, than in the Entrails of this Monster, who has already devour'd two of us. My Advice was relish'd, and we made Floats capable of carrying Three Persons each.

We return'd to the Palace towards the Evening, and the Giant arriv'd a little while after. We were forc'd to conclude on seeing another of our Comrades roasted. But at last reveng'd our selves on the brutish Giant thus. After he had made an end of his cursed Supper, he lay down on his Back, and fell asleep. As soon as we heard him snore according to his Custom, Nine of the

boldest amongst us and my self, took each of us a Spit, and putting the Points of 'em into the Fire till they were burning hot, we thrust them

into his Eye all at once and blinded him. The Pain occasioned him to make a frightful Cry, and to get up and stretch out his Hands, in order to sacrifice some of us to his Rage; but we ran to such Places as he could not find us, and after having sought for us in vain,

** It would seem the Arabian Author has taken this story from Homer's Odyssey.*

he grop'd for the Gate, and went out howling dreadfully. *Scheherazade* stop'd here, but next Night resum'd her Story thus:

The Seventy Sixth Night.

WE went out of the Palace after the Giant, continues *Sindbad*, and came to the Shore, where we had left our Floats, and put 'em immediately into the Sea. We waited till Day in order to get upon them in case the Giant came towards us with any Guide of his own Species, but we hop'd if he did not appear by Sun-rising, and gave over his Howling, which we still heard, that he would die, and if that happen'd to be the Case, we resolv'd to stay in that Island, and not to risk our Lives upon the Floats; but Day had scarce appear'd till we perceiv'd our cruel Enemy, accompany'd with two others almost of the same size leading him; and a great Number more coming before him with a very quick pace.

When we saw this, we made no Delay, but got immediately upon our Floats, and row'd off from the Shore. The Giants, who perceiv'd this, took up great Stones, and, running to the Shore, enter'd the Water up to the Middle, and threw so exactly, that they sunk all the Floats but that I was upon, and all my Comrades, except the Two with me, were drown'd. We row'd with all our Might, and got out of the reach of the Giants. But when we got out to Sea, we were expos'd to the Mercy of the Waves and Winds, and toss'd about sometimes on one side, and sometimes on another, and spent that Night and the following Day under a cruel Uncertainty, as to our Fate; but next Morning we had the good Luck to be thrown upon an Island, where we landed with much Joy. We found excellent Fruit there, that gave us great Relief, so that we pretty well recover'd our Strength.

In the Evening we fell asleep on the Bank of the Sea, but were awak'd by the Noise of a Serpent as long as a Palm Tree, whose Scales made a rustling as he crept along. He swallow'd up one of my Comrades, notwithstanding his loud Cries, and the Efforts he made to rid himself from the Serpent, which, shaking him several times against the Ground, crush'd him, and we could hear him gnaw and
tear

tear the poor Wretche's Bones, when we had fled at a great Distance from him. Next Day we saw the Serpent again to our great Terror, when I cry'd out, *O Heaven, to what Dangers are we expos'd. We rejoic'd yesterday at our having escap'd from the Cruelty of a Giant, and the Rage of the Waves, and now we are fallen into Danger altogether as terrible.*

As we walk'd about, we saw a large tall Tree, upon which we design'd to pass the following Night for our Security, and, having satisfied our Hunger with Fruit, we mounted it accordingly. A little while after, the Serpent came hissing to the Root of the Tree, rais'd it self up against the Trunk of it, and meeting with my Comrade, who sat lower than I, swallow'd him at once, and went off.

I staid upon the Tree till it was Day, and then came down, more like a dead Man, than one alive, expecting the same Fate with my Two Companions. Th's filled me with Horror, so that I was going to throw my self into the Sea, but Nature prompting us to a Desire to live as long as we can, I withstood this Temptation to Despair, and submitted my self to the will of God, who disposes of our Lives at his Pleasure.

In the mean time I gather'd together a great Quantity of small Wood, Brambles, and dry Thorns, and making them up in Faggots made a great Circle with them round the Tree, and also tied some of them to the Branches over my Head. Having done thus, when the Evening came, I shut my self up within this Circle, with this melancholy Piece of Satisfaction, That I had neglected nothing which could preserve me from the cruel Destiny with which I was threatned. The Serpent failed not to come at the usual Hour, and went round the Tree, seeking for an Opportunity to devour me, but was prevented by the Rampart I had made, so that he sat till Day, like a Cat watching in vain for a Mouse that has retired to a Place of Safety. When Day appeared he retired, but I dared not to leave my Fort until the Sun rose.

I was so fatigued with the Toil he had put me to, and suffered so much by his poisonou Breath, that Death seeming more eligible to me, than the Horror of such a Condition, I came down from the Tree, and not thinking on the Resignation I had made to the Will of God the preceeding

ding Day, I ran toward the Sea, with a Design to throw my self into it headlong Here *Scheherazade* stopt, because Day appeared, and next Night continued her Story thus.

The Seventy Seventh Night.

S*Ind'* ad pursued the Account of his Third Voyage thus. God, says he, took Compassion on my desperate State, for just as I was going to throw my self into the Sea, I perceived a Ship at a considerable Distance. I called as loud as I could, and taking the Linnen from my Turban, displayed it that they might observe me. This had the desired Effect, all the Crew perceived me, and the Captain sent me his Sloop. As soon as I came aboard, the Merchants and Seamen flocked about me to know how I came into that desert Island; and after I had told them all that befel me, the oldest among 'em said to me, They had several times heard of the Giants who dwelt in that Island, that they were Canibals, and eat Men raw as well as roasted; and as to the Serpents, they added, That there were abundance in the Isle that hid themselves by Day, and came abroad at Night. After having testified their Joy at my escaping so many Dangers, they brought me the best of what they had to eat; and the Captain, seeing that I was all in Rags, was so generous as to give me one of his own Suits. We were at sea for some time, touched at several Islands, and at last landed at that of *Salabar*, where there grows *Sanders*, a Wood of great Use in Physick. We entered the Port, and came to an Anchor. The Merchants began to unload their Goods, in order to sell or exchange them. In the meantime the Captain called me and said, *Brother, I have here a Parcel of Goods that belonged to a Merchant, who sailed sometime on board this Ship, and he being dead, I design to dispose of 'em for the Benefit of his Heirs, when I know them.* The Bales he spoke of lay on the Deck, and shewing them to me, he says, *There's the Goods. I hope you will take care to sell 'em, and you shall have Factorage.* I thank'd him that he gave me an Opportunity to employ my self, because I hated to be idle.

The Clerk of the Ship took an Account of all the Bales, with the Names of the Merchants to whom they belonged. And when he ask'd the Captain in whose Name he should

should enter those he gave me the Charge of; *Enter them*, says the Captain, *in the Name of SINDBAD THE SAILOR*. I could not hear my self named without some Emotion, and looking stedfastly on the Captain, I knew him to be the Person, who, in my second Voyage, had left me in the Island where I fell asleep by a Brook, and set Sail without me, or sending to see for me. But I could not remember him at first, he was so much alter'd since I saw him.

And as for him who believed me to be dead, I could not wonder at his not knowing me. *But Captain*, says I, *was the Merchant's Name, to whom those Bales belong'd Sindbad?* Yes, replies he, *that was his Name; he came from Bagdad, and embark'd on board my Ship at Balsora. One Day, when we landed at an Island to take in Water and other Refreshments, I know not by what Mistake, I set Sail without observing that he did not embark with us; neither I nor the Merchants perceiv'd it till four Hours after. We had the Wind on our Stern, and so fresh a Gale, that it was not possible for us to tack about for him. You believe him then to be dead, says I? Certainly*, answers he. No, Captain, says I, *look upon me, and you may know that I am Sindbad, whom you left in that desert Island. I fell asleep by a Brook, and when I awaked, I found all the Company gone.* At these Words the Captain looked stedfastly upon me. Here Scheherazade, perceiving Day, broke off her Story, and next Night resumed it thus.

The Seventy Eighth Night.

THE Captain, continued Sindbad, having considered me attentively, knew me at last, embrac'd me, and said, *God be praised that Fortune has supplied my Defect. There are your Goods, which I always took care to preserve, and to make the best of them at every Port where I touched. I restore them to you with the Profit I have made of them.* I took them from him, and at the same time acknowledged how much I owed to him.

From the Isle of *Salabat* we went to another, where I furnished my self with *Gloves, Cinnamon*, and other *Spices*.

ces. As we sailed from that Island, we saw a Tortoise that was 20 Cubits in Length and Breadth. We observed also, a Fish which looked like a Cow, and gave Milk, and its Skin is so hard that they usually make Bucklers of it. I saw another which had the Shape and Colour of a Camel. In short, after a long Voyage, I arrived at *Balsora*, and from thence returned to this City of *Bagdad*, with so much Riches that I knew not what I had. I gave a great deal to the Poor, and bought another great Estate to what I had already.

Thus *Sindbad* finished the History of his Third Voyage; gave another 100 *Sequins* to *Hindbad*, invited him to Dinner again next Day, and to hear the Story of his Fourth Voyage. *Hindbad* and the Company retir'd; and next Day, when they returned, *Sindbad* after Dinner continued his Story of his Adventures.

The Fourth Voyage of S I N D B A D the Sailor.

THE Pleasures, says he, and the Divertisements I took after my Third Voyage, had not Charms enough to divert me from another. I was again prevailed upon by my Passion for Traffick, and Curiosity to see new Things, I therefore put my Affairs in order, and having provided a Stock of Goods fit for the Places where I designed to trade, I set out on my Journey. I took the Way of *Persia*, of which I travelled several Provinces, and then arrived at a Port where I embarked. We set Sail, and having touched at several Ports of *Terra Firma*, and some of the Eastern Islands, we put out to Sea, and were seized by such a sudden Gust of Wind, as obliged the Captain to furl his Sails, and to make all other necessary Precautions to prevent the Danger that threatened us. But all was in vain, our Endeavours took no Effect, the Sails were tore in a thousand pieces, and the Ship was stranded, so that a great many of the Merchants and Seamen were drowned, and the Cargo lost.

Scheherazade, perceiving Day, held her Peace, but resumed the Story next Night, as follows.

The

The Seventy Ninth Night.

I Had the good Fortune, continues *Sindbad*, with several of the Merchants and Mariners, to get a Plank, and we were carried by the Current to an Island which lay before us. There we found Fruit and Fountain-Water, which preserved our Lives. We staid all Night near the Place where the Sea cast us ashore, without consulting what we should do, our Misfortune had dis-spirited us so much.

Next Morning, as soon as the Sun was up, we walked from the Shore, and advancing into the Island, saw some Houses, to which we went; and as soon as we came thither, we were encompassed by a great Number of Blacks, who seized us, shared us among 'em, and carried us to their respective Habitations.

I and Five of my Comrades were carried to one Place; they made us sit down immediately, and gave us a certain Herb, which they made signs to us to eat. My Comrades not taking notice that the Blacks eat none of it themselves consulted only the Satisfying of their own Hunger, and fell a eating with Greediness. But, I suspecting some Trick, would not so much as taste it, which happened well for me; for in a little time after I perceived my Companions had lost their Senses and that, when they spoke to me they knew not what they said.

The Blacks fed us afterwards with Rice, prepared with Oil of Coccoes, and my Comrades, who had lost their Reason, eat of it greedily. I eat of it also, but very sparingly. The Blacks gave us that Herb at first, on purpose to deprive us of our Senses, that we might not be aware of the sad Destiny prepared for us, and they gave us Rice on purpose to fatten us, for, being Canibals, their Design was to eat us as soon as we grew fat. They did accordingly eat my Comrades, who were not sensible of their Condition. But my Senses being entire, you may easily guess, Gentlemen, that instead of growing fat, as the rest did, I grew leaner every Day. The Fear of Death, under which I laboured, turned all my Food into Poison, fell into a languishing Distemper, which proved my Satety; for the Blacks having killed and eat up my Companions, seeing me to be wither'd, lean and sick, deferred my Death till another time.

Mean

Mean while, I had a great deal of Liberty, so that there was scarce any notice taken of what I did, and this gave me an Opportunity one Day to get at a distance from the Houses, and to make my Escape. An old Man, who saw me, and suspected my Design, called to me as loud as he could to return; but instead of obeying him, I redoubled my pace and quickly got out of his sight. At that time there was none but the old Man about the Houses, the rest being abroad, and not to come home till Night, which was pretty usual with them. Therefore, being sure that they could not come home time enough to pursue me, I went on till Night, that I stopt to rest a little, and to eat some of the Provisions that I had taken care for, but I speedily set forward again, and travelled seven Days, avoiding those Places which seemed to be inhabited, and lived for the most part upon Coco Nuts, which served me both for Meat and Drink. On the eighth Day I came near the Sea, and saw all of a sudden white People, like my self, gathering of Pepper, of which there was great Plenty in that Place; this I took to be a good Omen, and went to them without any Scruple. *Scheherazade* broke off here, and went on with the Story next Night, as follows.

The Eightieth Night.

THE People who gathered Pepper, continued *Sindbad*, came to meet me, as soon as they saw me, and ask'd me in *Arabic* who I was, and whence I came? I was overjoy'd to hear them speak in my own Language, and willingly satisfied their Curiosity, by giving them an Account of my Shipwreck, and how I fell into the Hands of the Blacks. Those Blacks, replied they, eat Men, and by what Miracle did you escape their Cruelty? I told them the same Story I now told you, at which they were wonderfully surprized.

I staid with them till they had gathered their Quantity of Pepper, and then sailed with them to the Island from whence they came. They presented me to their King, who was a good Prince, he had the Patience to hear the Relation of my Adventure, which surprized him, and he afterwards gave me Cloaths, and commanded Care to be taken of me.

The

The Island was very well peopled, plentiful of every thing, and the Capital was a Place of great Trade. This agreeable Place of Retreat was very comfortable to me after my Misfortune and the Kindness of this generous Prince towards me compleated my Satisfaction. In a Word, there was not a Person more in Favour with him than my self, and by Consequence every Man in Court and City fought how to oblige me, so that in a very little time I was looked upon rather as a Native than a Stranger.

I observed one thing which to me look'd very extraordinary, all the People, the King himself not excepted, rode their Horses without Bridle or Stirrups. This made me one Day take the liberty to ask the King how that came to pass? His Majesty answered, That I talked to him of Things which no body knew the Use of in his Dominions.

I went immediately to a Workman, and gave him a Model for making the stock of a Saddle. When that was done, I covered it my self with ——— and Leather, and embrodered it with Gold. I afterwards went to a Locksmith, who made me a ——— according to the Pattern I shewed him, and then he made me also some Stirrups. When I had all Things compated, I presented them to the King, and put them up on one of his Horses. His Majesty mounted immediately, and was so mightily pleased with them, that he testified his satisfaction by large Presents to me. I could not avoid making several others for his Ministers and principal Officers of his Household, who all of them made me Presents that enriched me in a little time. I also made for the People of best Quality in the City, which gained me great Reputation and Regard from every Body.

As I made my Court very exactly to the King, he says to me one Day, *Siubad*, I love thee, and all my Subjects who know thee treat thee according to my Example. I have one thing to demand of thee, which thou must grant. Sir, answer'd I, there's nothing but what I will do, as a Mark of my Obedience to your Majesty, whose Power over me is absolute. I have a mind thou shouldst marry, replies he, that so thou mayst stay in my Dominions. and think no more of thy own Country. I dared not resist the Prince's Will, and so he gave me one of the Ladies of his Court,

Court, a noble, beautiful, chaste and rich Lady. The Ceremonies of Marriage being over, I went and dwelt with the Lady, and for some time we lived together in perfect Harmony. I was not, however, very well satisfied with my Condition, and therefore designed to make my Escape on the first Occasion, and to return to *Bagdail*, which my present settlement how advantageous soever, could not make me forget.

While I was thinking on this, the Wife of one of my Neighbours, with whom I had contracted a very strict Friendship, fell sick and died. I went to see and comfort him in his Affliction, and finding him swallowed up with sorrow; I said to him as soon as I saw him, God preserve you and grant you a long Life. Alas! replies he, how do you think I should obtain that Favour you wish me? I have not above an Hour to live. Pray, say I, don't entertain such a melancholy Thought, I hope it will not be so, but that I shall enjoy your Company for many Years. I wish you, says he, a long Life, but for me, my Days are at an end, for I must be buried this Day with my Wife. This is a Law which our Ancestors established in this Island, and always observed it inviolably. The living Husband is interred with the dead Wife, and the living Wife with the dead Husband. Nothing can save me, every one must submit to this Law.

While he was entertaining me with an Account of this barbarous Custom, the very Hearing of which frightened me cruelly, his Kindred, Friends, and Neighbours came in a Body to assist at the Funerals. They put on the Corps the Woman's richest Apparel, as if it had been her wedding Day, and dressed her with all her Jewels, then they put her into an open Coffin, and lifting it up, began their March to the Place of Burial. The Husband walked at the Head of the Company, and followed the Corps. They went up to a high Mountain, and when they came thither, took up a great Stone which covered the Mouth of a very deep Pit, and let down the Corps with all its Apparel and Jewels. Then the Husband, embracing his Kindred and Friends, suffered himself to be put into another open Coffin without Resistance, with a Pot of Water, and seven little Loaves, and was let down in the same manner they let down his Wife. The Mountain was pretty long, and reached

reached to the Sea. The Ceremony being over, they covered the Hole again with the Stone, and returned.

It's needless, Gentlemen, for me to tell you that I was the only melancholy Spectator of this Funeral, whereas the rest were scarcely moved at it, the Thing was so customary to them. I could not forbear speaking my Thoughts of this Matter to the King. Sir, says I, I cannot enough admire at the strange Custom in this Country, of burying the Living with the Dead. I have been a great Traveller, and seen many Countries, but never heard of so cruel a Law. What do you mean, *Sindbad*, says the King, 'tis a common Law? I shall be in err'd with the Queen, my Wife, if she die first. But Sir, says I, may I presume to demand of your Majesty, If Strangers be obliged to observe this Law? Without doubt, replies the King, smiling at the occasion of my Question, they are not excepted if they be married in this Island.

I went home very melancholy at this Answer, for the Fear of my Wife's Dying first, and that I should be interr'd alive with her, occasion'd me to have very mortifying Reflections. But there was no Remedy, I must have Patience, and submit to the Will of God. I trembled however at every little indisposition of my Wife; but alas! In a time my Fears came upon me all at once; for she fell sick and died in a few Days.

Scheherazade stopt here for that time, and resum'd the thread of her Story next Night thus.

The Eighty First Night.

YOU may judge at my Sorrow, continues *Sindbad*; to be interr'd alive seem'd to me as deplorable an end as to be devour'd by Canibals. But I must submit, the King and all his Court would honour the Funeral with their Presence, and the most considerable People of the City did the like. When all was ready for the Ceremony, the Corps was put into the Coffin with all her Jewels and magnificent Apparel. The Cavalcade was begun, and as second Actor in this doleful Tragedy, I went next the Corps, with my Eyes full of Tears, bewailing my deplorable Fate. Before I came to the Mountain, I made an Essay on the Minds of the Spectators, I address'd my self to the King in the first place,

place, and then to all those who were round me, and bowing before them to the Earth, to kiss the Border of their Garments, I pray'd them to have Compassion upon me. Consider, said I, that I am a Stranger, and ought not to be subject to this rigorous Law, and that I have another Wife and Children in my own Country.

* *He was a Mahometan, and they allow Polygamy.*

* It was to no purpose for me to speak thus; no Soul was moved at it; on the contrary, they made haste to let down my Wife's Corps into

the Pit, and to put me down the next Moment in an open Coffin, with a Vessel full of Water, and seven Loaves. In short, the fatal Ceremony being perform'd, they covered up the Mouth of the Pit, notwithstanding the Excess of my Grief, and my lamentable Cries.

As I came near the Bottom, I discover'd by help of the little Light that came from above, the Nature of this subterranean Place; it was a vast long Cave, and might be about 50 Fathom deep. I immediately smelt an insufferable stench, proceeding from the Multitude of dead Corps, which I saw on the Right and Left, nay, I fancy'd that I heard some of them sigh out their last. However, when I got down, I immediately left my Coffin, and getting at a distance from the Corps, held my Nose, and lay down upon the Ground, where I staid a long time, bath'd in Tears. Then reflecting on my sad Lot, it is true, said I, that God disposes all Things according to the Decrees of his Providence; but, poor *Sindbad*, art not thou thy self the Cause of thy being brought to die so strange a Death. Would to God thou hadst perish'd in some of those Tempests which thou hast escap'd! Then thy Death had not been so ingring and terrible in all its Circumstances. But thou hast drawn all this upon thy self by thy cursed Avarice. Ah unfortunate Wretch! Shouldst thou not rather have staid at home, and quietly enjoy'd the Fruit of thy Labour.

Such were the vain Complaints with which I made the Cave to echo, beating my Head and Stomach out of Rage and Despair, and abandoning my self to the most afflicting Thoughts. Nevertheless I must tell ye, that instead of calling Death to my Assistance in that miserable Condition, I felt still an Inclination to live, and to do all I could to prolong

long my Days. I went groping about with my Nose stopt for the Bread and Water that was in my Coffin, and took some of it. Tho' the Darknefs of the Cave was so great, that I could not distinguish Day and Night, yet I always found my Coffin again, and the Cave seem'd to be more spacious and fuller of Corps than it appear'd to me at first. I liv'd for some Days upon my Bread and Wine, which being all spent, at last I prepar'd for Death. At these words *Scheherazade* left off but resum'd the Story next Night thus.

The Eighty Second Night.

AS I was thinking of Death, continued *Sindbad*, I heard the Stone lifted up from the Mouth of the Cave, and immediately the Corps of a Man was let down. When Men are reduc'd to Extremities, it's natural for them to come to extream Resolutions. While they let down the Woman, I approach'd the Place, where her Coffin was to be put, and as soon as I perceiv'd they were covering again the Mouth of the Cave, I gave the unfortunate Wretch two or three great Blows over the Head with a large Bone that I found, which stunned, or to say the Truth kill'd her. I committed this inhuman Action meerly for the sake of her Bread and Water that was in her Coffin, and thus I had Provisions for some Days more. When that was spent, they let down another dead Woman, and a live Man; I kill'd the Man in the same manner; and, as good Luck would have it for me, there was then a sort of Mortality in Town, so that by this Means I did not want for Provisions.

One Day, as I had dispatch'd another Woman, I heard something walking, and blowing or panting as it walked. I advanc'd towards that side from whence I heard the Noise, and upon my Approach the thing puffed and blew harder, as if it had been running away from me. I followed the Noise, and the thing seem'd to stop sometimes, but always fled and blew as I approach'd. I follow'd it so long, and so far, till at last I perceiv'd a Light, resembling a Star, I went on towards that Light, and sometimes lost sight of it, but always found it again, and at last discover'd that it
came

came thro' a Hole in the Rock, large enough for a Man to get out at.

Upon this, I stop'd sometime to rest my self, being much fatigu'd with pursuing this Discovery so fast: Afterwards coming up to the Hole, I went out at it, and found my self upon the Bank of the Sea. I leave you to guess at the Excess of my Joy, it was such that I could scarce persuade my self its being real.

But when I was recover'd from my Surprise, and convinc'd of the Truth of the Matter, I found the Thing which I had follow'd, and heard it puff and blow, to be a Creature which came out of the Sea, and was accustomed to enter at that Hole to feed upon the dead Carcasses.

I consider'd the Mountain, and perceiv'd it to be situated betwixt the Sea and the Town, but without any Passage or Way to communicate with the latter, the Rocks, on the side of the Sea, were so rugged and steep. I fell down upon the Shore to thank God for his Mercy, and afterwards entered the Cave again to fetch Bread and Water, which I did eat by Day-light, with a better Appetite than I had done since my interment in the dark Hole.

I return'd thither again, and grop'd about among the Biers for all the Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Gold Bracelets, and rich Stuffs I could find; these I brought to the Shore, and tying them up neatly into Bales, with the Cords that let down the Coffins, I laid them together upon the Bank, waiting till some Ship pass'd by, without any Fear of Rain for it was not then the Season.

After two or three Days I perceived a Ship that had but just come out of the Harbour, and pass'd near the Place where I was. I made a Sign with the Linnen of my Turban, and call'd to them as loud as I could: They heard me, and sent a Sloop to bring me on board. When the Mariners asked by what Misfortune I came thither? I told them that I suffer'd Ship-wrack two Days ago, and made shift to get ashore with the Goods they sav'd. It was happy for me that those People did not consider the Place where I was, nor enquire into the Probability of what I told them, but, without any more ado, took me on board with my Goods. When I came to the Ship, the Captain was so well pleas'd to have sav'd me, and so much taken up with his own Affairs, that he also took the Story of my pretended Ship-

Shipwrack upon trust, and generously refus'd some Jewels which I offer'd him.

We pass'd by several Islands, and among others, that call'd the Isle of *Bells*, about ten Days sail from *Serendib*, with a regular Wind, and six from that of *Kela*, where we landed. This Island produces Lead-Mines, *Indian-Canes* and excellent *Camphire*.

The King of the Isle of *Kela* is very rich and potent, and the Isle of *Bells*, * which is about two Days Journey in Extent, is also subject * Now Ceilan. to him. The Inhabitants are so barbarous that they still eat human Flesh. After we had finish'd our Commerce in that Island, we put to Sea again, and touch'd at several other Ports, at last I arriv'd happily at *Bagdad* with infinite Riches, of which it is needless to trouble you with the Detail. Out of Thankfulness to God for his Mercies. I gave great Alms for the Entertainment of several Mosques, and for the Subsistence of the Poor, and imploy'd my self wholly in enjoying my Kindred and Friends, and making good Cheer with them.

Here *Hindbad* finish'd the Relation of his Fourth Voyage, which was more surprizing to the Company than all the three former. He gave a new Present of 100 *Sequins* to *Hindbad*, whom he pray'd to return with the rest next Day, at the same Hour, to dine with him, and hear the Story of his Fifth Voyage. *Hindbad* and the rest of the Guests took leave of him and retir'd. Next Morning, when they all met they sat down at Table, and when Dinner was over, *Sindbad* began at the Relation of his Fifth Voyage, as follows.

The Fifth Voyage of S I N D B A D the Sailor.

THE Pleasures I enjoy'd had again Charms enough to make me forget all the Troubles and Calamities I had undergone, without curing me of my inclination to make new Voyages. Therefore I bought Goods, order'd them to be pack'd up and loaded and set out with them, for the best Sea Port, and there, that I might not be oblig'd to depend upon a Captain, but have a Ship at my own Command, I staid till one was built on purpose, at my own Charge. When the Ship was ready I went on board with
my

my Goods, but not having enough to load her, I took on board me several Merchants of different Nations with their Merchandize.

We sail'd with the first fair Wind, and after a long Navigation, the first Place we touch'd at was a desert Island, where we found an Egg of a *Roc*, equal in Bigness with that I formerly mention'd. There was a young *Roc*, in it just ready to be hatch'd, and the Bill of it began to appear.

At these words *Scheherazade* stop'd, because Day began to enter the Sultan's Apartment, but next Night she resum'd her Story thus.

The Eighty Third Night.

S*Indbad* the Sailor says she, continu'd the Relation of his Fifth Voyage as follows. The Merchants, whom I had taken on board my Ship, who had landed with me, broke the Egg with Hatchets, and made a Hole in it, from whence they pull'd out the young *Roc* Piece after Piece, and roasted it. I had earnestly dissuaded them from meddling with the Egg, but they would not listen to me.

Scarce had they made an end of their Treat, when there appear'd in the Air at a considerable distance from us, two great Clouds. The Captain, whom I hir'd to sail my Ship, knowing by Experience what it meant, cry'd that it was the *He* and *She Roc*, that belong'd to the young One, and press'd us to re-imbark with all speed, to prevent the Misfortune which he saw would otherwise befall us. We made haste to do so, and set sail with all possible Diligence.

In the mean time the two *Rocs* approach'd with a frightful Noise, which they redoubled when they saw the Egg broke, and their young One gone. But having a mind to avenge themselves, they flew back towards the Place from whence they came, and disappear'd for some time, while we made all the Sail we could, to prevent that which unhappily befel us.

They return'd, and we observ'd that each of 'em carry'd betwixt their Talons, Stones, or rather Rocks of a monstrous size. When they came directly over my Ship, they hover'd, and one of 'em let fall a Stone, but by the Dexterity of the Steersman, who turn'd the Ship with the Rudder,

it

it mis'd us, and falling by the side of the Ship into the Sea, divided the Water so, that we almost could see to the Bottom. The other *Rock*, to our Misfortune, threw the Stone so exactly upon the Middle of the Ship, that it split in a thousand Pieces. The Mariners and Passengers were all kill'd by the Stone or Sunk. I my self had the last Fate; but as I came up again I catch'd hold by good Fortune of a Piece of the Wreck, and swimming sometimes with one Hand, and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast my Board, the Wind and Tide being for me, I came to an Island whose Bank was very steep. I overcame that Difficulty however, and got ashore.

I sat down upon the Grass to recover my self a little from my Fatigue, after which I got up and went into the Island to view it. It seem'd to be a delicious Garden. I found Trees every where, some of them bearing green, and others ripe Fruits, and Streams of fresh pure Water with pleasant windings and turnings, I eat of the Fruits which I found excellent, and drank of the Water which was very pleasant.

Night being come, I lay down upon the Grass, in a Place convenient enough, but I could not sleep an Hour at a time, my Mind was so disturb'd with the Fear of being alone in so desert a Place. Thus I spent the best part of the Night in fretting and reproaching my self for my imprudence in not staying at home, rather than undertaking this last Voyage. Those Reflections carry'd me so far, that I began to form a Design against my own Life, but Day-light dispers'd those melancholy Thoughts, and I got up and walk'd among the Trees, but not without Apprehensions of Danger.

When I was a little advanc'd into the Island, I saw an old Man, who to me seem'd very weak and feeble. He sat upon the Bank of a Stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwreck'd as my self. I went towards him and saluted him, but he only bowed his Head a little. I asked him what he did there, but instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my Back, and carry him over the Brook, signifying that it was to gather Fruit.

I believ'd him really to stand in need of my Help, so took him upon my Back, and having carry'd him over

bid him get down, and for that end stoop'd, that he might get off with ease; but instead of that, (which I laugh at every time I think on't) the old Man, who to me appear'd very decrepit, clasp'd his Legs nimbly about my Neck, and then I perceiv'd his Skin to relemble that of a Cow. He sat astride upon my Shoulders, and held my Throat so strait, that I thought he would have strangled me, the Fright of which made me faint away and fall down.

Day appearing, *Scheherazade* was oblig'd to stop here, but pursu'd her Story thus next Night.

The Eighty Fourth Night.

Notwithstanding my Fainting, continued *Sindbad*, the ill-natur'd old Fellow kept fast about my Neck, but open'd his Legs a little to give me time to recover my Breath. When I had so done, he thrust one of his Feet against my Stomach, and struck me so rudely on the Side with the other, that he forc'd me to rise up against my will. Being got up, he made me walk under the Trees, and forc'd me now and then to stop, to gather, and eat such Fruit as we found. He never left me all Day, and when I lay down to rest me by Night, he laid himself down with me, holding always fast about my Neck. Every Morning he push'd me to make me awake, and afterwards oblig'd me to get up and walk, and press'd me with his Feet. You may judge then, Gentlemen, what Trouble I was in, to be charg'd with such a Burden as I could no ways rid my self from.

One Day I found in my way several dry Calabashes that had fallen from a Tree, I took a large one, and after cleaning it, press'd into it some Juice of Grapes, which abounded in the Island; having fill'd the Calabash, I set it in a convenient Place, and coming hither again some Days after, I took up my Calabash, and setting it to my Mouth, found the Wine to be so good, that it made me presently not only forget my Sorrow, but I grew vigorous, and was so light hearted that I began to sing and dance as I walk'd along.

The old Man perceiving the Effect which this Drink had upon me, and that I carry'd him with more Ease than I did before, made a sign for me to give him some of it. I gave him the Calabash, and the Liquor pleasing his Pa-

late

late, he drank it all off. There being enough of it to fuddle him, he became drunk immediately, and the Fumes getting up into his Head, he began to sing after his manner, and to dance with his Breech upon my Shoulders. His jolting about made him vomit, and he loos'n'd his Legs from about me by degrees; so finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the Ground, where he lay without Motion, and then I took up a great Stone, with which I crush'd his Head to Pieces.

I was extremely rejoyc'd to be freed thus for ever from this cursed old Fellow, and walk'd upon the Bank of the Sea, where I met the Crew of a Ship that had cast Anchor, to take in Water and refresh themselves. They were extremely surpriz'd to see me, and to hear the Particulars of my Adventures. You sell, say they, into the Hands of the old Man of the Sea, and are the first that ever escap'd strangling by him. He never left those he had once made himself Master of, till he destroy'd them, and he has made this Island famous by the Number of Men he has slain, so that the Merchants and Mariners, who landed upon it, dar'd not to advance into the Island but in Numbers together.

After having inform'd me of those Things, they carry'd me with them to the Ship, the Captain receiv'd me with great Satisfaction, when they told him what had befallen me. He put out again to Sea, and after ten Days sail, we arriv'd at the Harbour of a great City, whose Houses were built with good Stone.

One of the Merchants of the Ship, who had taken me in to his Friendship, oblig'd me to go along with him, and carry'd me to a Place appointed for a Retreat for foreign Merchants. He gave me a great Bag, and having recommended me to some People of the Town, who us'd to gather *Coco*es, he desired them to take me with them to do the like; Go, says he, *follow them; and do as you see them do, and don't separate from them, otherwise you endanger your Life.* Having thus spoke, he gave me Provisions for the Journey, and I went with them.

We came to a great Forest of Trees extreme strait and tall, and their Trunks were so smooth that it was not possible for any Man to climb up to the Branches that bore the Fruit. All the Trees were *Cocoe* Trees, and when we enter'd the Forest we saw a great Number of Apes of se-

veral fizes, that fled, as soon as they perceiv'd us, and climb'd up to the Top of the Trees with surprizing Swift-ness.

Scheherazade would have gone on, but Day appearing prevented her, and next Night she resumed the Discourſe as follows.

The Eighty Fifth Night.

THE Merchants with whom I was, continued *Sindbad*, gathered Stones, and threw them at the Apes on the Top of the Trees. I did the ſame, and the Apes out of Revenge threw *Cocoe* Nuts at us as faſt, and with ſuch Geſtures as ſufficiently teſtify'd their Anger and Reſentment; we gather'd up the *Cocoes*, and from time to time threw Stones to provoke the Apes; ſo that by this Stratagem we fill'd our Bags with *Cocoe* Nuts, which it had been impoſſible for us to have done otherwiſe.

When we had gather'd our Number, we return'd to the City, where the Merchant, who ſent me to the Foreſt, gave me the Value of the *Cocoes* I brought: *Go on*, ſays he, *and do the like every Day, until you have got Money enough to carry you home.* I thank'd him for his good Advice, and inſenſibly gather'd together ſo many *Cocoes* as amounted to a conſiderable Sum.

The Veſſel in which I came, ſail'd with Merchants who loaded her with *Cocoes*. I expected the Arrival of another, which landed ſpeedi'y for the like Loading. I embark'd on board the ſame all the *Cocoes* that belong'd to me, and when ſhe was ready to ſail, I went and took leave of the Merchant, who had been ſo kind to me, but he could not embark with me, becauſe he had not finiſh'd his Affairs.

We ſet ſail towards the Iſland where *Pepper* grows in great plenty. From thence we went to the Iſle of

* *This Iſland, or Pen-Inſula, ends at the Cape which we now call Cape Comorin. It is alſo call'd Comar and Comor.*

Comari, * where the beſt ſort of Wood of *Aloes* grows, and whoſe Inhabitants have made it an inviolable Law to themſelves to drink no Wine, nor to ſuffer any Place of Debauch. I exchang'd my *Cocoes* in thoſe two Iſlands, for *Pepper* and Wood of *Aloes*, and

and went with other Merchants a Pearl Fishing. I hir'd divers who fetch'd me up those that were very large and pure. I embark'd joyfully on a Vessel that arriv'd happily at *Balsora*, from thence I return'd to *Bagdad*, where I made vast Sums of my *Pepper*, *Wood of Aloes* and *Pearls*. I gave the Tenth of my Gain in Alms, as I had done upon my return from other Voyages, and endeavour'd to ease my self from my Fatigues, by Diversions of all sorts.

When *Sindbad* had done his Story, he ordered 100 *Sequins* to *Hindbad*, who retir'd with all the other Guests, but next Morning the same Company retir'd to dine with rich *Sindbad*, who after having treated them as formerly, demanded Audience, and gave the following Account of his Sixth Voyage.

The Sixth Voyage of SINBAAD the Sailor.

Gentlemen, says he, you long without doubt to know how, after being shipwreck'd five times, and escaping so many Dangers, I could resolve again to try my Fortune, and expose my self to new Hardships. I am astonish'd at it my self when I think on't, and must certainly have been induc'd to it by my Stars. But be that how it will, after a Year's Rest, I prepared for a Sixth Voyage, notwithstanding the Prayers of my Kindred and Friends, who did all that was possible to prevent me.

Instead of taking my way by the *Persian Gulph*, I travell'd once more through several Provinces of *Persia* and the *Indies*, and arriv'd at a Sea-Port, where I embark'd on board a Ship, the Captain of which was resolv'd on a long Voyage.

It was very long indeed, but at the same time so unfortunate, that the Captain and Pilot lost their Course, so as they knew not where they were. We found it at last, but we had no ground to rejoyce at it. We were all seiz'd with extraordinary Fear, when we saw the Captain quit his Post, and cry out. He threw off his Turban, pull'd the Hair off his Beard, and beat his Head like a Madman. We ask'd him the Reason, and he answer'd that he was in the most dangerous Place of all the Sea. A rapid Current carries the Ship along with it, and we shall all of us

perish in less than a Quarter of an Hour. *Pray to God to deliver us from this Danger, we can't escape if he don't take pity on us.* At these Words he order'd the Sails to be chang'd, — but all the Ropes broke, and the Ship, without being possible to help it, was carry'd by the Current to the Foot of an unaccessible Mountain, where she was run ashore, and broke to pieces, yet so as we sav'd our Lives, our Provisions and the best of our Goods.

This being over, the Captain says to us, *God has now done what he pleas'd, we may every Man dig our Grave here, and bid the World adieu, for we are in so fatal a Place, that none shipwreck'd here did ever return to their Homes again.* His Discourse afflicted us mortally, and we embraced one another with Tears in our Eyes, bewailing our deplorable Lot.

The Mountain at the Foot of which we were cast, was the Coast of a very long and large Island. This Coast was cover'd all over with Wrecks, and by the vast number of Men's Bones we saw every where, and which fill'd us with Horror, we concluded that abundance of People had died there. It's also incredible to tell, what a Quantity of Goods and Riches we found cast ashore there. All those Objects serv'd only to augment our Grief. Whereas in all other Places, Rivers run from their Channels into the Sea; here a great River of fresh Water runs out of the Sea into a dark Cave, whose Entrance is very high and large. What is most remarkable in this Place is, that the Stones of the Mountain are of *Chrystal*, *Rubies*, or other precious Stones. Here's also a Sort of a fountain of Pitch, or Bitumen: that runs into the Sea, which the Fishes swallow, and then vomit up again turn'd into Ambergreese, and this the Waves throw out upon the Beach in great Quantities. Here grow also Trees, most of which are of Wood of Aloes, equal in Goodness to those of *Camari*.

To finish the Description of this Place, which may well be call'd a *Gu'ph*, since nothing ever returns from it, it is not possible for a Ship to get off from it, when once they come within such a distance of it. If they be drove thither by a Wind from the Sea, the Wind and the Current ruins them; and if they come into it, when a Land-wind blows, which might seem to favour their getting out again, the Height of the Mountain stops the Wind, and occasions a Calm, so that the Force of the

the Current runs them ashore, where they are broke in pieces, as ours was; and that which compleats the Misfortune, is that there's no Possibility to get to the top of the Mountain, or to get out any manner of way.

We continu'd upon the Shore, like Men out of their Senses, and expected Death every Day. At first we divided our Provisions as equally as we could, and so every one liv'd a longer or shorter while, according to their Temper, and the use they made of their Provisions.

Scheherazade, perceiving Day, left off speaking, but next Night she resum'd the Story as follows.

The Eighty Sixth Night.

THOSE who died first, continu'd *Sindbad*, were interr'd by the rest, and as for my part, I paid the last Duty to all my Companions, nor are you to wonder at this; for, besides that I husbanded the Provisions, that fell to my share better than they: I had Provisions of my own, which I did not share with my Comrades, yet when I buried the last, I had so little remaining, that I thought I could not hold out long. So that I digg'd a Grave, resolving to lie down in it, because there was none left alive to interr me. I must confess to you at the same time, that while I was thus imploy'd, I could not but reflect upon my self as the Cause of my own Ruin, and repented that I ever had undertaken this last Voyage. Nor did I stop at Reflections only, but had well nigh hasten'd my own Death, and began to tear my Hands with my Teeth.

But it pleas'd God once more to take Compassion on me, and put it in my Mind to go to the Bank of the River which runs unto the great Cave, where considering the River with great Attention, I said to my self, *This River which runs thus underground, must come out some where or other. If I make a Float, and leave my self to the Current, it will bring me to some inhabited Country, or drown me. If I be drown'd, I lose nothing, but only change one kind of Death for another; and if I get out of this fatal Place, I shall not only avoid the sad Fate of my Comrades, but perhaps find some new Occasion of enriching myself. Who knows but Fortune waits, upon my getting off this dangerous Shelf, to compensate my Shipwreck with Usury.*

After this, I immediately went to work on a Float, I made it of good large Pieces of Timber and Cables, for I had choice of 'em, and ty'd 'em together so strong, that I made a very solid little Float. When I had finish'd it, I loaded it with some Bales of Rubies, Emeralds Amber-greece, Rock-Chrystal, and rich Stuffs. Having balanc'd all my Cargo exactly, and fasten'd them well to the Float, I went on board it with two little Oars that I had made, and leaving it to the Course of the River, I resign'd my self to the will of God.

As soon as I came into the Cave, I lost all Light, and the Stream carried me I know not whither. Thus I sail'd some Days in perfect Darkness, and once found the Arch so low, that it well nigh broke my Head, which made me very cautious afterwards of avoiding the like Danger. All this while I eat nothing but what was just necessary to support Nature, yet notwithstanding this Frugality, all my Provisions were spent. Then a pleasant Sleep seized upon me. I can't tell how long it continued; but when I awaked, I was surprized to find my self in the middle of a vast Country, at the brink of a River, where my Float was tied, amidst a great Number of Negroes. I got up as soon as I saw them, and saluted them. They spoke to me, but I did not understand their Language. I was so transported with Joy, that I knew not whether I was asleep or awake, but being periwaded that I was not asleep, I recited the following Words in *Arabick* aloud: *Call upon the Almighty, he will help thee, thou needst not perplex thy self about any thing else; shut thy Eyes, and while thou art asleep God will change thy bad Fortune into good.*

One of the Blacks who understood *Arabick*, hearing me speak thus, came towards me, and said, *Brother, don't be surprized to see us, we are Inhabitants of this Country, and came hither to Day to water our Fields, by digging little Canals, for this River, which comes out of the neighbouring Mountain. We perceived something floating upon the Water, went speedily to see what it was, and perceiving your Float, one of us swam into the River and brought it hither, where we fastned it as you see, until you should awake. Pray tell us your History, for it must be extraordinary, how did you venture your self into this River, and whence do you come?* I begged of 'em first to give me something to eat, and then

I would satisfy their Curiosity. They gave me several sorts of Food, and when I had satisfied my Hunger, I gave them a true Account of all that had befallen me, which they listened to with Admiration. As soon as I had finished my Discourse, they told me by the Person who spoke *Arabick*, and interpreted to them what I said *That it was one of the most surprizing Stories they ever heard, and that I must go along with them, and tell it their King myself; the Thing is too extraordinary to be told him by any other than the Person to whom it happened!* I told them I was ready to do whatever they pleas'd.

They immediately sent for a Horse, which was brought them in a little time, and having made me get up upon him, some of them walked before me to shew me the way, and the rest took my Float and Cargo, and followed me.

Here *Scheherazade* was obliged to stop, because Day appeared, but towards the close of next Night resum'd the Thread of her Story thus,

The Eighty Seventh Night.

WE marched thus altogether till we came to the City of *Serendib*, for 'twas in that Island where I landed. The Blacks presented me to their King, I approached his Throne, and saluted him as I used to do the Kings of the *Indies*; that's to say, I prostrated my self at his Feet, and kissed the Earth. The Prince ordered me to rise up, received me with an obliging Air, and made me come up, and sit down near him. He first ask'd me my Name, and I answer'd, *They call'd me, Sindbad the Sailor, because of the many Voyages I had undertaken, and that I was a Citizen of Bagdad.* But replys he, *how did you come into my Dominions, and from whence came you last?*

I conceal'd nothing from the King, I told him all that I have now told you, and his Majesty was so surpriz'd and charm'd with it, that he commanded my Adventures to be writ in Letters of Gold, and laid up in the Archive of his Kingdom. At last my Float was brought him, and the Bales open'd in his Presence; he admir'd the Quantity of Wood of Aloes and Ambergreese, but above all, the Rubies and Emeralds, for he had none in his Treasury that came near them.

Observing that he look'd on my Jewels with Pleasure; and view'd the most remarkable among them, one after another, I fell prostrate at his Feet, and took the Liberty to say to him, Sir, not only my Person is at your Majesty's Service, but the Cargo of the Float, and I would beg of you to dispose of it as your own. He answer'd me with a Smile, *Sindbad*, I will take care not to covet any thing of yours, nor to take any thing from you that God has given you; far from lessening your Wealth, I design to augment it, and will not let you go out of my Dominions without Marks of my Liberality. All the Answer I return'd was Prayers for the Prosperity of that Prince, and Commendations of his Generosity and Bounty. He charg'd one of his Officers to take care of me, and ordered People to serve me at his own Charge. The Officer was very faithful in the Execution of his Orders, and made all the Goods to be carried to the Lodgings provided for me.

I went every Day at a set Hour to make my Court to the King, and spent the rest of my time in seeing the City, and what was most worthy of my Curiosity.

The Isle of * *Serendib* is situated just under the Equinoctial Line, so that the Days and Nights there are always of Twelve Hours each, and the Island is Eighty ‡ Parasanges in Length, and as many in Breadth.

† *The Eastern Geographers make a Parasange longer than a French League.* The Capital City stands in the end of a fine Valley, form'd by a Mountain in the Middle of the Island, which is the highest in the World. It is seen three Days Sail off at Sea.

There are Rubies, and several sorts of Minerals in it, and all the Rocks for the most part Emerald, a Metallick Stone made use of to cut and smooth other precious Stones. There grows all sorts of rare Plants and Trees, especially Cedar and Coccoes. There's also a Pearl Fishing in the Mouth of its River; and in some of its Valleys there are found Diamonds. I made, by way of Devotion, a Pilgrimage to the Place whither *Adam* was confin'd after his Banishment from Paradise, and had the Curiosity to go to the Top of it.

†

When

When I came back to the City, I pray'd the King to allow me to return to my Country, which he granted me in the most obliging and most honourable Manner. He would needs force a rich Present upon me; and when I went to take my Leave of him, he gave me one much more considerable, and at the same time charg'd me with a Letter to the Commander of the Faithful our Sovereign Lord, saying to me, I pray you give this Present from me, and this Letter to Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, and assure him of my Friendship. I took the Present and Letter in a very respectful Manner, and promis'd his Majesty punctually to execute the Commands with which he was pleas'd to honour me. Before I embark'd, this Prince sent to seek for the Captain and the Merchants that were to go with me, and order'd them to treat me with all possible Respect.

The Letter from the King of *Serendib* was writ on the Skin of a certain Animal of great Value, because of its being so scarce, and of a yellowish Colour. The Characters of this Letter were of Azure, and the Contents thus.

The King of the *Indies*, before whom march 1000 Elephants, who lives in a Palace that shines with 100000 Rubies, and who has in his Treasury 20000 Crowns enrich'd with Diamonds, to Califf *Haroun Alraschid*.

Though the Present we send you be inconsiderable, receive it however as a Brother and a Friend, in Consideration of the hearty Friendship which we bear for you, and of which we are willing to give you Proof. We desire the same part in your Friendship, considering that we believe it to be our Merit, being of the same Dignity with your Self. We conjure you this in Quality of a Brother. Adieu.

The Present consisted in the first Place, of one single Ruby made into a Cup, about half a Foot high, an Inch thick, and fill'd with round Pearls of half a Dram each. 2. Of the Skin of a Serpent whose Scales were as large as an ordinary Piece of Gold, and had the Virtue to preserve from Sickness those who lay upon it 3. In 50000 Drams of the best Wood of Aloes, with 30 Grains of Camphire as big
as

as Pistachos, And, 4. A She Slave of ravishing Beauty, whose Apparel was all cover'd over with Jewels.

The Snip set sail, and after a long and very successful Navigation, we landed at *Balsora*, from whence I went to *Bagdad*, where the first thing I did was to acquit my self of my Commission.

Scheherazade stopt, because Day began to appear, and next Night resum'd her Discourse thus.

The Eighty Eighth Night.

I Took the King of *Serendib's* Letter, continu'd *Sindbad*, and went to present my self at the Gate of the Commander of the Faithful, follow'd by the beautiful Slave, and such of my own Family as carried the Presents. I gave an Account of the Reason of my coming, and was immediately conducted to the Throne of the Califf. I made my Reverence by Prostration, and after a short Speech, gave him the Letter and Present. When he had read what the King of *Serendib* wrote to him, he ask'd me, If that Prince were really so rich and potent as he had said in his Letter? I prostrated my self a second time, and rising again, Commander of the Faithful, says I, I can assure your Majesty he doth not exceed the Truth on that Head, I am a Witness of it. There's nothing more capable of raising a Man's Admiration, than the Magnificence of his Palace. When the Prince appears in Publick, he has a Throne fix'd on the Back of an Elephant, and marches betwixt two Ranks of his Ministers, Favourites, and other People of his Court: Before him, upon the same Elephant, an Officer carries a golden Lance in his Hand; and behind the Throne there's another, who stands upright, with a Column of Gold, on the Top of which there's an Emerald half a Foot long, and an Inch thick; before him there marches a guard of a 1000 Men, clad in Cloath of Gold and Silk, and mounted on Elephants richly caparison'd.

While the King is on his March, the Officer, who is before him on the same Elephant, cries from time to time with a loud Voice, Behold the Great Monarch, the potent and redoubtable Sultan of the *Indies*, whose Palace is cover'd with 100000 Rubies, and who possesses 20000
Crowns

Crowns of Diamonds. Behold the crown'd Monarch Greater than the Greatest * *Solima*, and the great † *Mibrage*. After he has pronounc'd those Words, the Officer behind the Throne cries in his Turn, This Monarch, so Great and so Powerful, must die, must die, must die. And the Officer before replies, Praise be to him who lives for ever.

* Solomon.

† *An Ancient King of a great Island of the same name in the Indies, and very much fam'd among the Arabians for his Power and Wisdom.*

Further, the King of *Serendib* is so just, that there are no Judges in his Dominions. His People has no need of 'em. They understand and observe Justice exactly of themselves. The Califf was much pleas'd with my Discourse. The Wisdom of that King, says he, appears in his Letter, and after what you tell me, I must confess, That his Wisdom is worthy of his People, and his People deserve so wise a Prince. Having spoke thus, he discharg'd me, and sent me home with a rich Present.

Sindbad left off speaking, and his Company retir'd, *Hindbad* having first receiv'd 100 *Sequins*, and next Day they return'd to hear the Relation of his Seventh and last Voyage as follows.

The Seventh and last Voyage of SINDBAD the Sailor.

BE'ING return'd from my sixth Voyage, I absolutely laid aside all Thoughts of Travelling any farther. For, besides that my Years did now require Rest, I was resolv'd no more to expose my self to such Risks as I had run. So that I thought of nothing but to pass the rest of my Days in Quiet. One Day, as I was treating a Parcel of my Friends, one of my Servants came and told me, That an Officer of the Califf's ask for me. I rose from the Table, and went to him. The Califf, says he, has sent me to tell you, that he must speak with you. I follow'd the Officer to the Palace, where being presented to the Califf, I saluted him by prostrating my self at his Feet. *Sindbad*, says he to me, I stand in need of you, you must do me the Service to carry my Answer and Present to the King of *Serendib*. It's but just I should return his Civility.

This

This Command of the Califf to me was like a Clap of Thunder. Commander of the Faithful, replied I, I am ready to do whatever your Majesty shall think fit to command me, but I beseech you most humbly to consider what I have undergone. I have also made a Vow never to go out of *Bagdad*. Hence I took occasion to give him a large and particular Account of all my Adventures, which he had the Patience to hear out.

As soon as I had finish'd, I confess, says he, that the Things you tell me are very extraordinary, yet you must for my sake undertake this Voyage which I propose to you. You have nothing to do but to go to the Isle of *Serendib*, and deliver the Commission which I give you. After that, you are at Liberty to return. But you must go, for you know it would be undecent, and not suitable to my Dignity to be indebted to the King of that Island. Perceiving that the Califf insisted upon it, I submitted, and told him that I was willing to obey. He was very well pleas'd at it, and order'd me 1000 *Sequins* for the Charge of my Journey.

I prepar'd for my Departure in a few Days, and as soon as the Califf's Letter and Present were delivered to me, I went to *Balsora*, where I embark'd, and had a very happy Voyage. I arriv'd at the Isle of *Serendib*, where I acquainted the King's Ministers with my Commission, and pray'd 'em to get me speedy Audience. They did so, and I was conducted to the Palace in an honourable Manner, where I saluted the King by Prostration, according to Custom. That Prince knew me immediately, and testified very great Joy to see me. O *Sindbad*, says he, you are welcome, I swear to you I have many times thought of you since you went hence, I bless the Day upon which we see one another once more. I made my Complement to him, and after having thank'd him for his Kindness to me, I deliver'd him the Califf's Letter and Present, which he receiv'd with all imaginable Satisfaction.

The Califf's Present was a compleat Bed of Cloth of Gold, valu'd at a 1000 *Sequins*. Fifty Robes of rich Stuff, an Hundred others of white Cloth the finest of *Cairo*, *Suez*, * *Cusa* and † *Alexandria*, another *Crimson* Bed, and a third of another Fashion. A Vessel

* A Port on the Red Sea.

† A Town of Arabia. of

of *Agat*, broader than deep, of an Inch thick, and half a Foot wide, the Bottom of which represented in base Relief, a Man with one Knee on the Ground who held a Bow and an Arrow, ready to let fly at a *Lion*. He sent him also a rich Table, which according to Tradition, belong'd to the Great *Solomon*. The Califf's Letter was as follows.

Greeting in the Name of the Sovereign Guide of the Right Way, to the Potent and Happy Sultan, from *Abdallah Haroun Alraschid*, whom God hath set in the Place of Honour, after his Ancestors of Happy Memory.

WE received your Letter with Joy, and send you this from the Council of our Port; the Garden of Superior Wits. We hope when you look upon it, you will find our good Intention, and be pleas'd with it. Adieu.

The King of *Serendib* was mightily pleas'd, that the Califf answer'd his Friendship. A little time after this Audience, I solicited Leave to depart, and obtain'd the same with much Difficulty. I got it however at last, and the King when he discharg'd me, made me a very considerable Present. I embark'd immediately to return to *Bagdad*, but had not the good Fortune to arrive there as I hop'd. God order'd it otherwise.

Three or four Days after my Departure, we were attack'd by *Corfairs*, who easily seized upon our Ship, because it was no Vessel of Force. Some of the Crew offer'd Resistance, which cost them their Lives. But for me and the rest, who were not so prudent, the *Corfairs* sav'd us on purpose to make Slaves of us.

Day beginning to appear, *Scheherazade* was oblig'd to keep silence, but next Night resum'd the Story thus.

The Eighty Ninth Night.

SI'R, says she to the Sultan of the *Indies*, *Sindbad*, continued his Story, told the Company, we were all stript, and instead of our own Cloths, they gave us sorry Rags, and carried us into a remote Island, where they sold us.

I fell into the Hands of a rich Merchant, who, as soon as he bought me, carried me to his House, treated me well, and clad me handsomely for a Slave. Some Days after, not knowing what I was, he ask'd me if I understood any Trade? I answer'd, that I was no Mechanick, but a Merchant, and that the *Corfsairs* who sold me, robb'd me of all I had. But tell me, replies he, can you shoot with a Bow? I answer'd, That the Bow was one of my Exercises in my Youth, and I had not yet forgot it. Then he gave me a Bow and Arrows, and, taking me behind him upon an Elephant, carried me to a vast Forrest some Leagues from the Town. We went a great way into the Forrest, and when he thought fit to stop, he bid me alight, then shewing me a great Tree, Climb up that Tree, says he, and shoot at the Elephants as you see them pass by, for there is a prodigious Number of them in this Forrest. and if any of 'em fall come and give me notice of it: Having spoke thus, he left me Victuals and returned to the Town, and I continued upon the Tree all the Night.

I saw no Elephant during that time, but next Morning, as soon as the Sun was up, I saw a great Number, I shot several Arrows among them, and at last one of the Elephants fell; the rest retir'd immediately, and left me at Liberty to go and acquaint my Patron with my Booty. When I told him the News, he gave me a good Meal, commended my Dexterity, and caressed me mightily. We went afterwards together to the Forrest, where we dug a hole for the Elephant, my Patron designing to return when it was rotten, and to take his Teeth, &c. to trade with.

I continu'd this Game for two Months, and kill'd an Elephant every Day, getting sometimes upon one Tree and sometimes upon another. One Morning, as I look'd for the Elephants, I perceiv'd with an extream Amazement, that instead of passing by me a cross the Forrest as usual, they stopp'd and came to me with a horrible Noise, in such a Number that the Earth was cover'd with them, and shook under them. They encompass'd the Tree where I was, with their Trunks extended, and their Eyes all fix'd upon me, at this frightful Spectacle I continu'd unmovable, and was so much frightn'd that my Bow and Arrows fell out of my Hand.

My

My Fears were not in vain; for, after the Elephants had star'd upon me some time, one of the largest of them put his Trunk round the Root of the Tree, and pull'd so strong, that he pluck'd it up and threw it on the Ground; I fell with the Tree, and the Elephant taking me up with his Trunk, laid me on his Back, where I sat more like one dead than alive, with my Quiver on my Shoulder: He put himself afterwards at the Head of the rest, who followed him in Troops, and carried me to a Place where he laid me down on the Ground, and retir'd with all his Companions. Conceive, if you can, the Condition I was in, I thought my self to be in a Dream, at last, after having lain some time, and seeing the Elephants gone, I got up and found I was upon a long and broad Hill, cover'd all over with the Bones and Teeth of *Elephants*. I confess to you, that this Object furnish'd me with abundance of Reflections. I admired the Instinct of those Animals, I doubted not but that was their Burying Place, and that they carried me thither on purpose to tell me that I should forbear to persecute them, since I did it only for their Teeth: I did not stay on the Hill, but turned towards the City, and, after having travell'd a Day and a Night I came to my Patron; I met no Elephant in my way, which made me think, they had retir'd further into the Forrest, to leave me at Liberty to come back to the Hill without any Obstacle.

As soon as my Patron saw me; Ah poor *Sindbad*, says he, I was in great Trouble to know what was become of you. I have been at the Forrest where I found a Tree newly pull'd up, and a Bow and Arrows on the Ground, and, after having sought for you in vain, I despair'd of ever seeing you more. Pray tell me what befel you, and by what good Hap thou art still alive: I satisfied his Curiosity, and going both of us next Morning to the Hill, he found to his great Joy, that what I told him was true. We loaded the Elephant upon which we came, with as many Teeth as he could carry, and when we were returned, Brother, says my Patron, for I will treat you no more as a Slave, after having made such a Discovery as will enrich me, God bless you with all Happiness and Prosperity. I declare before him that I give you your Liberty. I conceal'd from you what I am now going to tell you.

The

The Elephants of our Forrest have every Year killed us a great many Slaves, whom we sent to seek Ivory. For all the Cautions we could give them, those crafty Animals killed them one time or other. God has delivered you from their Fury, and has bestowed that Favour upon you only. It's a Sign that he loves you, and has use for your Service in the World. You have procured me incredible Gain. We could not have Ivory formerly, but by exposing the Lives of our Slaves; and now our whole City is enriched by your Means. Don't think I have pretended to have rewarded you by giving you your Liberty, I will also give you considerable Riches. I could engage all our City to contribute towards making your Fortune, but I will have the Glory of doing it alone.

To this obliging Discourse I replied, Patron, God preserve you. Your giving me my Liberty is enough to discharge what you owe me, and I desire no other Reward for the Service I have had the good Fortune to do to you and your City, but leave to return to my own Country.

Very well, says he, the *Mecon** will in a little time bring Ships for Ivory. I will send you home then, and give you wherewith to bear your Charge. I thank'd him again for my Liberty, and his good Intentions toward me. I staid with him expecting the *Mecon*, and during that time, we made so many Journeys to the Hill, that we fill'd all our Warehouses with Ivory. The other Merchants who traded in it, did the same thing, for it could not be long concealed from them.

At these Words *Scheherazade*, perceiving Day, broke off, but resumed the Story next Night.

The Nintieth Night.

SIR. says she to the Sultan of the Indies, *Sindbad* went on with the Relation of his Seventh Voyage thus.

The Ships arrived at last, and my Patron himself having made choice of the Ship wherein I was to embark, he loaded half of it with Ivory on my Account, he laid in Provisions in abundance for my Passage, and besides obliged me to accept a present of the Curiosities of the Country of great

great Value. After I had return'd him a thousand Thanks for all his Favours, I went aboard. We set sail, and as the Adventure, which procured me this Liberty, was very extraordinary, I had it continually in my Thoughts.

We stopt at some Islands to take in fresh Provisions, our Vessels being come to a Port on the *Terra Firma* in the *Indies*, we touched there, and, not being willing to venture by Sea to *Balsora*, I landed my Proportion of the *Ivory*, resolving to proceed on my Journey by Land. I made vast Sums of my *Ivory*, I bought several Rarities, which I intended for Presents, and when my Equipage was got ready, I set out in Company of a large *Caravan* of Merchants. I was a long time on the way, and suffered very much, but endured all with Patience, when I considered that I had nothing to fear from the Seas, from Pirates, from Serpents, nor of the other Perils I had undergone.

All these Fatigues ended at last, and I came safe to *Bagdad*. I went immediately to wait upon the *Califf*, and gave him an Account of my Embassy. That Prince told me, he had been uneasy, by reason I was so long a returning, but that he always hoped God would preserve me. When I told him the Adventure of the *Elephants*, he seemed to be much surpris'd at it, and would never have given any Credit to it had he not known my Sincerity. He reckoned this Story and the other Relations I had given him to be so curious, that he order'd one of his Secretaries to write them in Characters of Gold, and lay them up in his Treasury. I retir'd very well satisfy'd with the Honours I received, and the Presents which he gave me, and after that I gave my self up wholly to my Family, Kindred and Friends.

Sindbad finished the Relation of his Seventh and last Voyage, and then addressing himself to *Hindbad*, *Well Friend*, says he, *did you ever hear of any Person that suffered so much as I have done, or of any Mortal that has gone through so many Perplexities. Is it not reasonable that after all this I should enjoy a quiet and pleasant Life.* As he said this, *Hindbad* drew near to him, and, kissing his Hand, said, *I must acknowledge, Sir, that you have gone thro' terrible Dangers, my Troubles are not comparable to yours; if they afflict me for a time, I comfort*
my

my self with the Thoughts of the Profit I got by them. You not only deserve a quiet Life, but are worthy besides of all the Riches you enjoy, because you make such a good and generous use of them. May you therefore continue to live in Happiness and Joy till the Day of your Death. *Sindbad* gave him 100 *Sequins* more, receiv'd him into the Number of his Friends, and desir'd him to quit his Porter's Employ, and come and dine every Day with him, that he might all his Days have reason to remember *Sindbad the Sailor*.

Scheherazade, perceiving it was not yet Day, continued her Discourse, and began another Story.

The Three Apples.

SIR, said she, I have already had the Honour to entertain your Majesty with a Ramble which the Califf *Haroun Alraschid* made one Night from his Palace, I must give you an Account of one more.

This Prince one Day commanded the Grand Vizier *Giafar* to come to his Palace the Night following. *Vizier*, said he, *I will take a Walk round the Town to inform myself what People say, and particularly how they are pleased with my Officers of Justice. If there be any against whom they have Reason of just Complaint, we will turn them out, and put others in their stead that shall officiate better. If on the contrary there be any that have gained their Applause, we will have that Esteem for them which they deserve.* The Grand Vizier being come to the Place at the Hour appointed, the Califf, he, and *Mefrour* the Chief of the Eunuchs, disguised themselves, so as they could not be known, and went out all three together.

They pass'd through several Places, and by several Markets: And as they entred a small Street, they perceived by the Light of the Moon, a tall Man with a white Beard that carried Nets on his Head, he had a folding Basket of Palm-Leaves on his Arm, and a Club in his Hand. This old Man, says the Califf, does not seem to be rich, let us go to him and enquire into his Circumstances. *Honest Man*, said the Vizier, *who art thou?* The old Man reply'd, Sir, *I am a Fisher, but one of the poorest and most miserable of the Trade, I went from my House a-*
bent

About Noon to go a fishing, and from that time to this I have not been able to catch one Fish, and at the same time I have a Wife and small Children, and nothing to maintain them.

The *Califf* moved with Compassion, says to the Fisherman, *Hast thou the courage to go back and cast thy Nets once more, we will give thee a hundred Sequins for what thou shalt bring up.* At this Proposal, the Fisherman, forgetting all his Day's Toil, took the *Califf* at his Word. And with him, *Giasr* and *Mesrour* returned to the *Tigris*, saying to himself, *These Gentlemen seem to be too honest and reasonable not to reward my Pains, and if they give me but the hundredth Part of what they promise me, it will be a great deal.*

They came to the Bank of the River, and the Fisherman throwing in his Net, when he drew it again, brought up a Trunk close shut, and very heavy. The *Califf* made the Grand Vizier pay him 100 *Sequins* immediately, and sent him away. *Mesrour*, by his Master's Order carried the Trunk on his Shoulder, and the *Califf* was so very eager to know what was in it, that he returned to the Place with all speed. When the Trunk was opened, they found in it a large Basket made of Palm-Leaves, shut up, and the Covering of it sew'd with red Thread. To satisfy the *Califf's* Impatience, they would not take time to unrip it, but cut the Thread with a Knife, and they took out of the Basket a Bundle wrapt up in a sorry Piece of Hanging, and bound about with a Rope, which being untied, and the Bundle open'd, they found it to their great Amazement the Corps of a young Lady whiter than Snow, all cut in Pieces.

Scheherazade stopt here, because we saw it was Day, and next Night continued it thus.

The Ninety First Night.

SIR, Your Majesty may imagine a great deal better than I am able to express it, the Astonishment of the *Califf*, at this dreadful Spectacle: his Surprise was instantly changed into Passion, and darting an angry Look at the *Vizier*, Ah! Thou Wretch, said he, Is this your Inspection into the Actions of my People, do they com-

commit such impious Murders under thy Ministry in my Capital City, and throw my Subjects into the *Tigris*, that they may cry for Vengeance against me at the Day of Judgment. If thou dost not speedily revenge the Murder of this Woman, by the Death of her Murderer, I swear by Heaven, That I will cause hang thee, and Forty more of thy Kindred. Commander of the Faithful, reply'd the Grand Vizier, I beg your Majesty to grant me time to make Enquiry. I will allow thee no more, said the Califf, than Three Days, therefore you must look to it.

The Vizier *Giafar* went home, in great Confusion of Mind. Alas, said he, how is it possible that in such a vast and populous City as *Bagdad*, I should be able to detect a Murderer, who undoubtedly committed the Crime without Witness, and perhaps may be already gone from hence. Any other but I would take some wretched Person out of Prison, and cause him to die, to satisfy the Califf; but I will not burden my Conscience with such a barbarous Action, I will rather die than save my Life at that rate.

He order'd the Officers of the Palace and Justice to make a strict Search for the Criminal, they sent their Servants about, and they themselves were not idle, for they were no less concern'd in this Matter than the Vizier. But all their Endeavours turned to nothing, what Pains soever they took they could not find out the Murderer, so that the Vizier concluded his Life to be gone, unless some remarkable Providence hindred it.

The Third Day being come, an Officer came to this unfortunate Minister with a Summons to follow him, which the Vizier obey'd. The Califf ask'd him for the Murderer, He answer'd [with Tears in his Eyes, *Commander of the Faithful, I have not found any Person that could give me the least Account of him.* The Califf full of Fury and Rage, gave him many reproachful Words, and

* *The Barmecides were a Family come out of Persia, and of them the Grand Vizier was descended.*

ordered that he and Forty *Barmecides* * more should be all hanged up at the Gate of the Palace.

In the mean while the Gibbets were preparing, and Orders were sent

sent to seize Forty *Barmecides* more in their Houses; a publick Crier was sent about the City to cry thus, by the Califf's Order, *Those who have a desire to see the Grand Vizier Giáfar hanged, and Forty more Barmecides of his Kindred, let them come to the Square before the Palace.*

When all Things were ready, the Criminal Judge, and a great many Officers belonging to the Palace, brought out the Grand Vizier with the Forty *Barmecides*, and set each of them at the Foot of the Gibbet design'd for them, and a Rope was put about each of their Necks. The Multitude of People that filled the Square, could not without Grief and Tears behold this Tragical Sight. for the Grand Vizier and the *Barmecides* were loved and honour'd on account of their Probity, Bounty and Impartiality, not only in *Bagdad*, but thro' all the Dominions of the Califf.

Nothing could prevent the Execution of this Prince's too severe and irrevocable Sentence, and the Lives of the honestest People of the City were just going to be taken away, when a young Man of handsome Mein, and good Apparel pressed through the Crowd till he came where the Grand Vizier was, and after he had kissed his Hand, said, *Most excellent Vizier, chief of the Emirs of this Court, and Comforter of the Poor; You are not guilty of the Crime for which you stand here. Withdraw, and let me expiate the Death of the Lady that was thrown into the Tigris. 'Tis I who murder'd her, and I deserve to be punish'd for it.*

Though those Words occasion'd great Joy to the Vizier, yet he could not but pity the young Man, in whose Looks he saw something that, instead of being ominous, was engaging: But as he was about to answer him, a tall Man pretty well in Years, who had likewise forc'd his way through the Crowd, came up to him, saying, *Sir, do not believe what this young Man tells you, I killed that Lady who was found in the Trunk, and this Punishment ought only to fall upon me. I conjure you in the Name of God not to punish the Innocent for the Guilty.* Sir, says the young Man to the Vizier, *I do protest that I am he who committed this vile Act, and no body else had any hand in it.* My Son, said the old Man, *'Tis Despair that brought*

you hither, and you would anticipate your Destiny. I have lived a long while in the World, and 'tis time for me to be gone; let me therefore sacrifice my Life for yours. Sir, said he again to the Vizier, I tell you once more I am the Murderer, let me die without any more ado.

The Controversy between the old Man and the young one, obliged the Grand Vizier *Giafar* to carry them both before the Califf, which the Judge Criminal consented to, being very glad to serve the Vizier. When he came before the Prince, he kissed the Ground seven times, and spake after this manner, *Commander of the Faithful, I have brought here before your Majesty this old Man and this young Man, who both confess themselves to be the sole Murderers of the Lady. Then the Califf asked the Criminals which of them it was that so cruelly murdered the Lady, and threw her into the Tigris. The young Man assured him that it was he, but the old Man maintained the contrary. Go, says the Califf to the Grand Vizier, and cause them both to be hanged. But, Sir, says the Vizier, if only one of them be guilty, it would be unjust to take the Lives of both. At these Words the young Man spoke again, I swear by the great God, who has raised the Heavens so high as they be, That I am the Man who killed the Lady, cut her in Quarters, and threw her into the Tigris about Four Days ago. I renounce my part of Happiness among the Just at the Day of Judgment, if what I say be not the Truth; therefore I am he that ought to suffer. The Califf, being surprized at this Oath, believed him; especially since the old Man made no Answer to this. Whereupon, turning to the young Man, Thou Wretch, said he, what was it that made thee commit that detestable Crime, and what is it that moves thee to offer thy self voluntarily to die? Commander of the Faithful, said he, if all that hath past between that Lady and me were set down in Writing, it would be a History that might be very useful for other Men. I command thee then to relate it, said the Califf: The young Man obeyed, and began his Story thus.*

Scheherazade would have gone on, but she was obliged to defer it till the Night following.

The

The Ninety Second Night.

S*Chahariar* pretended the Sultaneſs, and deſir'd to know what the young Man's Speech was to *Haroun Alraſchid*, Sir, ſaid *Scheherazade*, the Words he ſpoke were theſe.

The Story of the LADY that was Murder'd, and of the Young Man her Husband.

Commander of the Faithful, your Maſteſty may be pleas'd to know, That this murder'd Lady was my Wife, the Daughter of this old Man you ſee here, who is my own Uncle by the Father's Side. She was not above twelve Years old when he gave her to me, and it is now eleven Years ago. I have three Children by her, all Boys, yet alive; and I muſt do her that Juſtice to ſay, That ſhe never gave me the leaſt Occaſion of Offence; ſhe was Chaſte, of good Behaviour, and made it her whole Buſineſs to pleaſe me. And for my part I loved her entirely, and rather prevented her in granting any Thing ſhe deſired than oppoſed it.

About two Months ago ſhe fell ſick; I took all imaginable Care of her, and ſpared nothing that could procure her a ſpeedy Recovery. After a Month ſhe began to grow better, and had a mind to go to the *Bagnio*. Before ſhe went out of the Houſe, *Couſin*, ſaid ſhe (for ſo ſhe us'd to call me out of Familiarity) *I long for ſome Apples, if you could get me any, you would pleaſe me extreamly: I have longed for 'em a great while, and I muſt own it now come to that height, that if I be not ſatisfied very ſoon, I fear ſome Miſfortune will befall me. With all my Heart*, ſaid I, *I will do all that's in my Power to make you eaſy.*

I went immediately round all the Markets and Shops in the Town to ſeek for Apples, but I cou'd not get one, though I offer'd to pay a *Sequin* a-piece. I returned home very much diſſatisfied at my Diſappointment. And for my Wife, when ſhe returned from the *Bagnio*, and ſaw no Apples, we became ſo very uneaſy that ſhe could not ſleep all Night, I got up betimes in the Morning, and went through all the Gardens, but had no better Succels

than the Day before; only I happen'd to meet an old Gardiner, who told me that all my Pains would signify nothing, for I could not expect to find Apples any where but in your Majesty's Garden at *Balsora*. As I loved my Wife passionately, and would not have any thing of Neglect to satisfy her, chargeable upon me; I put my self in a Traveller's Habit, and after I had told her my Design, I went to *Balsora*, and made my Journey with so great Diligence, that I returned at the end of fifteen Days, with three Apples, which cost me a *Sequin* a-piece; there were no more left in the Garden, so that the Gardiner would let me have them no cheaper. As soon as I came home, I presented them to my Wife, but her Longing was over, so she satisfied her self with receiving them, and laid them down by her. In the mean time she continued sickly, and I knew not what Remedy to get for her.

Some few Days after, I returned from my Journey, I was sitting in my Shop in the publick Place where all sorts of fine Stuffs are sold, and saw an ugly, tall, black Slave come in with an Apple in his Hand, which I knew to be one of those I had brought from *Balsora*, I had no reason to doubt it, because I was certain there was not one to be had in all *Bagdad*, not in any of the Gardens about it. I call'd to him, and said, *Good Slave, Pristhee tell me where thou hadst this Apple.* 'Tis a Present (said he smiling) from my Mistress, I was to see her to Day, and found her out of Order. I saw three Apples lying by her, and asked her where she had them. She told me, *The good Man her Husband had made a Fortnight's Journey on purpose for them, and brought them her. We had a Collation together, and when I took my leave of her, I brought away this Apple that you see.*

This Discourie put me out of my Senses, I rose, shut up my Shop, run home with all speed, and going to my Wife's Chamber, looked immediately for the Apples, and seeing only a couple, ask'd what was become of the Third. Then my Wife, turning her Head to the Place where the Apples lay, and perceiving there was but Two, answered me coldly, *Cousin, I know not what is become of it.* At this Answer I did verily believe what the Slave told me to be true; and at the same time giving my self

up

up to Madness and Jealousy, I drew my Knife from my Girdle, and thrust it into the unfortunate Creature's Throat. I afterwards cut off her Head and divided her Body into four Quarters, which I pack'd up in a Bundie, and hiding it in a Basket, sewed it up with a Thread of red Yearn, put altogether in a Trunk, and when Night came, I carried it on my Shoulder down to the Tigris, where I sunk it.

The two youngest of my Children were already put to Bed, and asleep, the Third was gone abroad; but at my return I found him sitting by my Gate weeping very fore. I ask'd him the Reason? *Father*, said he, *I took this Morning from my Mother, without her Knowledge, one of those three Apples you brought her, and I kept it a long while; but as I was playing some time ago with my little Brothers in the Street, a tall Slave that went by, snatch'd it out of my Hands, and carried it with him. I run after him, demanding it back, and besides told him that it belonged to my Mother, who was sick, and that you had made a Fortnight's Journey to fetch it; but all to no purpose, he would not restore it. And whereas I still followed him, crying out, he turned about and beat me, and then run away as fast as ever he could from one Lane to another, till at length I lost sight of him. I have since been walking without the Town, expecting your Return, to pray you, dear Father, not to tell my Mother of it, lest it should make her worse. And when he had said those Words, he fell a weeping again more bitterly than before.*

My Son's Discourse afflicted me beyond all measure. I then found my self guilty of an enormous Crime, and repented too late of having so easily believed the Calumnies of a wretched Slave, who from what he had learn'd of my Son, invented that fatal Lie.

My Uncle here present, came just at the time to see his Daughter, but instead of finding her alive, understood from me that she was dead, for I did not conceal nothing from him; and, without staying for his Censure, declared my self the greatest Criminal of the World.

Upon this, instead of reproaching me, he joined his Tears with mine, and we wept three Days together without intermission, he for the Loss of a Daughter whom he always loved tenderly; and I for the Loss of a

dear Wife, of whom I had deprived my self after so cruel a manner, by giving too easy Credit to the Report of a lying Slave.

This, Commander of the Faithful, is the sincere Confession your Majesty demanded from me. You have heard now all the Circumstances of my Crime, and I most humbly beg of you to order the Punishment due for it, how severe soever it may be, I shall not in the least complain, but esteem it too-easy and gentle.

Scheherazade perceiving Day left of speaking; but next Night pursu'd her Discourse thus.

The Ninety Third Night.

SIR, said she, the Califf was very much astonish'd at the Young Man's Relation. But this just Prince, finding he was rather to be pitied than condemned, began to speak in his Favour: This young Man's Crime, said he, is pardonable before God, and excusable with Men. The wicked Slave is the sole Cause of this Murder, 'tis he alone that must be punish'd; wherefore, said he, looking upon the Grand Vizier, I give you three Days time to find him out; if you do not bring him within that space, you shall die in his stead. The unfortunate *Giasar*, who thought himself now out of Danger, was terribly perplexed at this new Order of the Califf; but as he durst not return any Answer to this Prince, whose hasty Temper he knew too well, departed from his Presence, and retir'd to his House with Tears in his Eyes, persuading himself he had but three Days to live; for he was so fully persuaded that he should not find the Slave, that he made not the least Enquiry about him. *Is it possible,* said he, *that in such a City as Bagdad, where there's an infinite Number of Negro Slaves, I should be able to find out him that is guilty. So that unless God be pleased to bring it about, as he hath already detected the Murderer, nothing can save my Life.*

He spent the two first Days in Mourning with his Family, who sat round him weeping and complaining of the Califf's Cruelty. The third Day being come, he prepared himself to die with Courage, as an honest Minister, and one that had nothing to trouble his Conscience; he sent for

for Notaries and Witnesses, who signed the last Will he made in their Presence. After which he took leave of his Wife and Children, and bid them the last Farewel. All his Family was drown'd Tears; so that there never was a more sorrowful Spectacle. At last the Messenger came from the Califf to tell him that he was out of all Patience, having heard nothing from him, nor concerning the *Negro* Slave, which he had commanded him to search for, *I am therefore order'd*, said he, *to bring you before his Throne*. The afflicted Vizier made ready to follow the Messenger, but, as he was going out, they brought him his youngest Daughter about five or six Years of Age. The Nurses that attended her presented her to her Father to receive his last Blessing.

As he had a particular Love for that Child, he pray'd the Messenger to give him leave to stop for a Moment, and taking his Daughter in his Arms, he kissed her several times; as he kiss'd her, he perceiv'd she had somewhat in her Bosom that look'd bulky, and had a sweet Scent. *My dear little one*, said he, *what hast thou in thy Bosom?* *My dear Father*, said she, *'tis an Apple, upon which is written the Name of our Lord and Master the Califf, our Slave Riham* * *sold it me for two Sequins*.

* *This Word signifies in Arabick Basilick, an odouriferous Plant, and the Arabians call their Slaves by this Name, as the Custom in France is to give the Name of Jessem to a Footman.*

At the Words *Apple* and *Slave* the Grand Vizier cried out with Surprise, intermixt with Joy, and putting his Hand into the Child's Bosom pulled out the Apple: He caus'd the Slave, who was not far off, to be brought immediately, and when he came, *Rascal*, said he, *Where hadst thou this Apple?* *My Lord*, said the Slave, *I swear to you that I neither stole it in your House, nor out of the Commander of the Faithful's Garden; but t'other Day, as I was going along a Street, where three or four small Children were at play, one of them having it in his Hand, I snatch'd it from him and carried it away. The Child run after me, telling me it was none of his own, but belonged to his Mother, who was sick, and that his Father, to save her Longing, had made a long*

Journey, and brought home three Apples, whereof this was one, which he had taken from his Mother without her Knowledge. He said what he could to make me give it him back, but I would not, and so brought it home and sold it for two Sequins to the little Lady your Daughter, and this is the whole Truth of the Matter.

Giafar could not enough admire how the Roguery of a Slave had been the Cause of an innocent Woman's Death, and almost of his own. He carried the Slave along with him, and when he came before the Califf, he gave that Prince an exact Account of all that the Slave had told him, and the Chance that brought him to the Discovery of his Crime.

Never was any Surprise so great as that of the Califf, yet he could not prevent himself from falling into excessive Fits of Laughter. At last he recovered himself, and with a serious Mien told the Vizier, That since his Slave had been the Occasion of a strange Accident he deserved an exemplary Punishment. Sir, *I must own it*, said the Vizier, *but*

* *Noureddin signifies in Arabick the Light of Religion.*

And † *Bedreddin the Full Moon of Religion.*

his Guilt is not irremissible; I remember a strange Story of a Visier of

Cairo, called * *Noureddin Ali, and*

† *Bedreddin Hassan of Balsora,*

and since your Majesty delights to hear such Things, I am ready to tell it, upon Condition that if your Majesty finds it more astonishing than that which gives me Occasion to tell it, you will be pleased to pardon my Slave. I am content, said the Califf, *but you undertake a hard Task, for I do not believe you can save your Slave, the Story of the Apples being very singular.* Upon this *Giafar* began his Story thus.

The STORY of Noureddin Ali, and Bedreddin Hassan.

COMMANDER of the Faithful, there was in former Days a SULTAN of Egypt, a strict Observer of Justice, gracious, merciful and liberal, and his Valour made him terrible to his Neighbours. He loved the Poor, and protected the Learned, whom he advanced to the highest Dignities. This Sultan had a Visier, who was prudent, wise, sagacious, and well vers'd in all other Sciences. This Minister had

had two Sons very handsome Men, and who in every Thing followed his own footsteps. The Eldest was called *Schemseddin * Mohammed*, and the Younger *Noureddin Ali*. The last especially was endowed with all the good Qualities that any Man could have.

* This is to say the Sun of Religion.

The Vizier their Father being dead, the Sultan sent for them, and after he had caus'd them both to put on the usual Robes of a Vizier; I am sorry, *says he*, for the Loss of your Father, as your selves, and because I know you live together, and love one another entirely, I will bestow his Dignity upon you conjunctly, go and imitate your Father's Conduct.

The two new Viziers humbly thanked the Sultan, and went home to their House, to make due Preparation for their Father's Interment. They did not go abroad for a Month, and then went to Court, where they appeared continually on Council-Days; when the Sultan went out a hunting, one of the Brothers went along with him, and this Honour they had by Turns. One Evening as they were talking after Supper, the next Day being the elder Brother's turn to go a hunting with the Sultan, he said to his younger Brother, Since neither of us is yet married, and that we live so lovingly together, a Thought is come into my Head, Let us both marry in one Day, and let us chuse two Sisters out of some Family that may suit our Quality, What do you think of this Fancy? I must tell you, Brother, answer'd *Noureddin Ali*, that its very suitable to our Friendship, there cannot be a better Thought; for my part, I am ready to agree to any thing you shall think fit. But hold, this is not all, says *Schemseddin Mohammed*, my Fancy carries me further. Suppose both our Wives could conceive the first Night of our Marriage, and should happen to be brought to Bed on one Day, your's of a Son, and mine of a Daughter, we will give them to one another in Marriage, when they come to Age. Nay, says *Noureddin Ali* aloud, I must acknowledge that this Prospect is admirable, such a Marriage will perfect our Union, and I willingly consent to it. But then Brother, says he further, if this Marriage should happen, would you expect that my Son should settle a Jointure on your Daughter.

There's no Difficulty in that, replied the Elder, for I am persuaded, that besides the usual Articles of the Marriage Contract, you will not fail to promise in his Name at least three thousand *Sequins*, three good Mannors and three Slaves. No, said the Younger, I will not consent to that, we are not Brethren, and equal in Title and Dignity. Don't you and I both know what's just: The Male being nobler than the Female, it is your part to give a large Dowry with your Daughter. By what I perceive, you are a Man that would have your Business done at another Man's Charge.

Altho' *Noureddin Ali* spoke these Words in jest, his Brother being of an ill Temper was offended at it, and falling into a Passion, A Mischief upon your Son, said he, since you prefer him before my Daughter, I wonder you had so much Confidence, as to believe him worthy of her; you must needs have lost your Judgment, to think you are my Equal, and say we are Colleagues: I would have you to know you Fool, that since you are so impudent, I would not marry my Daughter to your Son, tho' you would give him more than you are worth. This pleasant Quarrel between two Brothers about the Marriage of their Children before they were born, went so far that *Schemseddin Mohammed* concluded with Threatnings; Were I not not to morrow, says he, to attend the Sultan, I would treat you according as you deserve; but at my Return, I shall make you sensible that it does not become a younger Brother to speak so insolently to his elder Brother, as you have done to me. Upon this, he retir'd to his Apartment, and his Brother went to Bed.

Schemseddin Mohammed rose very early next Morning, and goes to the Palace to attend the Sultan, who went to hunt about *Cairo* near the Pyramids. As for *Noureddin Ali*, he was very uneasy all the Night, and considering that it would not be possible for him to live longer with a Brother who treated him with so much Haughtinets; he provided a good Mule, furnished himself with Money, Jewels, Provision and Victuals, and having told his People, that he was going on a private Journey for two or three Days, he departed.

When he was out of *Cairo*, he rode by the Desert towards *Arabia*; but his Mule happening to tire by the way, he was forced to continue his Journey on Foot. A Courier
that

that was going to *Balsora*, by good Fortune overtaking him, took him up behind him. As soon as the Courier came to *Balsora*, *Noureddin Ali* lighted, and returned him Thanks for his Kindness: And he went about to seek for a Lodging, he saw a Person of Quality with a great Retinue coming along, to whom all the People shewed a mighty Respect, and stood still till he past by. And *Noureddin Ali* stopt among the rest. This was the Grand Vizier to the Sultan of *Balsora*, who walked thro' the City to see that the Inhabitants kept good Order and Discipline.

This Minister casting his Eye by chance on *Noureddin Ali*, found something extraordinary in his Aspect, looked very attentively upon him, and as he came near him, and saw him in a Traveller's Habit, he stood still, ask'd him who he was, and from whence he came. Sir, said *Noureddin Ali*, I am an *Egyptian*, born at *Cairo*, and have left my Country, because of the Unkindness of a near Relation, am resolved to travel thro' the World, and rather to die than return home again. The Grand Vizier, who was a reverend old Gentleman, after hearing those Words, says to him, Son, Beware, don't pursue your Design; there is nothing but Misery in the World, you are not sensible of the Hardships you must endure, come follow me, I may perhaps make you forget the thing that has forced you to leave your own Country.

Noureddin Ali followed the Grand Vizier, who soon perceived his good Qualities, and fell so much in Love with him, that one Day he says to him in private, My Son, I am as you see so far gone in Years, that there is no likelihood I shall live much longer, Heaven has bestowed only one Daughter upon me, who is as beautiful as you are handsome, and now fit for Marriage. Several People of the greatest Quality at this Court have desired her for their Sons, but I could not grant their Request. I have a Love for you, and think you so worthy to be receiv'd into my Family, that preferring you before all those that have sought her, I am ready to accept you for my Son-in-law. If you like the Proposal, I will acquaint the Sultan my Master, that I have adopted you by this Marriage, and I will pray him to grant you the Reversion of my Dignity of Grand Vizier in the Kingdom of

Balfora. In the mean time nothing being more requisite for me, than Ease in my old Age, I will not only put you in possession of my Estate, but leave the Administration of Publick Affairs to your Management.

When the Grand Vizier had made an end of this kind and generous Proposal, *Noureddin Ali* fell at his Feet, and expressing himself in Terms that demonstrated his Joy and Gratitude, told the Vizier, that he was at his Command in every thing. Upon this the Vizier sent for his chief Domesticks, ordered them to furnish the great Hall of his Palace, and prepare a great Feast; he afterwards sent to invite the Nobility of the Court and City, to honour him with their Company, and when they were all met, (*Noureddin Ali* having now told him who he was) he said to those Lords, for he thought it proper to speak thus, on purpose to satisfy such of them to whom he had refused his Alliance, I am now, my Lords, to discover such a thing to you, which hitherto I have kept secret. I have a Brother who is Grand Vizier to the Sultan of *Egypt*, as I am to the Sultan of this Kingdom. This Brother has but one Son, whom he would not marry in the Court of *Egypt*, but sent him hither to marry my Daughter, that both our Branches may be reunited. His Son, whom I knew to be my Nephew, as soon as I saw him, is this young Gentleman I here present to you, and is to be my Son-in-law, I hope you will do me the Honour to be present at his Wedding, which I am to celebrate this Day. The Noblemen who could not take it ill, that he preferred his Nephew before all the great Matches that had been proposed to him, said, That he had very good Reason for what he did, were willing to be Witnesses to the Ceremony, and wished that God might prolong his Days to enjoy the Satisfaction of the happy Match.

Here *Scheherazade* broke off, because Day appear'd, and next Night resum'd her Story.

The Ninety Fourth Night.

SIR, said she, The Grand Vizier *Giafar* continu'd his Story to the Califf thus, *The Lords met at the Vizier of Balfora's House, having testified their Satisfaction at the Marriage of his Daughter, with Noureddin Ali, sat down*

to Dinner, which lasted a long while, and the latter Course was sweet Meats, of which every one, according to Custom, took what they thought fit. The Notaries came in with the Marriage Contract, the chief Lords signed it, and when the Company departed, the Grand Vizier order'd his Servants to prepare a *Bagnio*, and have every thing in readiness for *Noureddin Ali* to bathe. He had fine new Linnen, and every thing else provided for him in the most curious Manner: When he had washed and dried himself, he was going to put on his former Apparel, but had an extraordinary rich Sute brought him. Being dress'd and perfum'd with the most odoriferous Essences, he went to see the Grand Vizier his Father-in-law, who was exceedingly well pleas'd with his genteel Mien, and having made him sit down, My Son, said he, you have declared unto me who you are, and the Quality you had at the Court of *Egypt*. You have also told me of a Difference betwixt you and your Brother, which occasion'd you to leave your Country. I desire you to make me your entire Confident, and to acquaint me with the Cause of your Quarrel, for now you have no Reason either to doubt me, or to conceal any thing from me.

Noureddin Ali gave him an Account of every Circumstance of the Quarrel, at which the Grand Vizier burst out into a Fit of Laughter, and said, This is one of the oddest Things that I ever heard; it is possible; my Son, that your Quarrel should rise so high, about an imaginary Marriage, I am sorry you fell out with your Elder Brother upon such a frivolous Matter; but I find he is in the wrong to be angry at what you only spoke in Jest, and I ought to thank Heaven for that Difference which has procur'd such a Son-in-law. But said the old Gentleman, 'tis late, and time for you to retire, go to your Bride my Son, she expects you, to Morrow I will present you to the Sultan, and hope he will receive you in such a manner as shall satisfy us both.

Noureddin Ali took leave of his Father-in-law, and went to his Spouse's Apartment. It is remarkable, continu'd *Giasar*, that *Schemseddin Mohammed* happen'd also to marry at *Cairo* the very same Day that this Marriage was solemniz'd at *Balsora*, the Particulars of which are as follows.

After *Noureddin Ali* left *Cairo*, with an Intention never to return, *Schemseddin Mohammed* his elder Brother, who

was gone a hunting with the Sultan of *Egypt*, did not come back in a Month, for the Sultan loved that Game extremely, and therefore continu'd the Sport all that while. *Schemseddin* at his Return run to *Noureddin Ali's* Apartment, but was much surpriz'd when he understood that under pretence of taking a Journey of two or three Days, he went away on a Mule the same Day that the Sultan went a hunting, and had never appear'd since. It vex'd him so much the more, because he did not doubt but the hard Words he had given him was the Cause of his going away. He sent a Messenger in search of him, who went to *Damascus*, and as far as *Aleppo*, but *Noureddin* was then at *Balsora*. When the Courier return'd and brought Word that he heard no News of him, *Schemseddin Mohammed* intended to make further Enquiry after him in other Parts, and in the mean time had a fancy to marry, and match with the Daughter of one of the greatest Lords in *Cairo*, upon the same Day his Brother married the Daughter of the Grand Vizier of *Balsora*.

But this is not all, said *Giafar*, at the end of Nine Months, *Schemseddin Mohammed's* Wife was brought to Bed of a Daughter at *Cairo*, and on the same Day *Noureddin's* Wife brought forth a Son at *Balsora*, who was called *Bedreddin Hassan*.

The Grand Vizier of *Balsora* testify'd his Joy by great Gifts, and publick Entertainments for the Birth of his Grandson. And to shew his Son-in-law the great Esteem he had for him, he went to the Palace, and most humbly begg'd of the Sultan to grant *Noureddin Ali* his Office, that he might have the Comfort before his Death to see his Son-in-law made Grand Vizier in his stead.

The Sultan, who had taken a great Liking to *Noureddin*, when his Father presented him after his Marriage, and had ever since heard every Body speak well of him, readily granted his Father-in-law's Request, and caused *Noureddin* immediately to put on the Robe of the Grand Vizier.

The next Day, when the Father saw his Son-in-law preside in Council as he himself had done, and perform'd all the Offices of a Grand Vizier, his Joy was compleat. *Noureddin Ali* behaved himself so well in every thing, that one would have thought he had been all his Life-time employed in such Affairs: He continu'd afterward to assist in Council

Council every time, when the Infirmities of Age would not permit his Father-in-law to appear.

The old Gentleman died about four Years after, with great Satisfaction, to see a Branch of his Family that promis'd so fair to support the Grandeur of it.

Noureddin Ali performed his last Duty to him, with all possible Love and Gratitude. As soon as his Son *Bedreddin Hassan* had attain'd to seven Years of Age, he provided him a most excellent Tutor, who taught him such Things as became his Birth. The Child had a ready Wit, and a Genius capable of receiving all the good Instructions that could be given.

Scheherazade was going on, but perceiving Day, we put an end to her Discourse, and resumed it thus the Night following.

The Ninety Fifth Night.

SIR, the Vizier *Giasar* continu'd his Story, told the Califf, That after *Bedreddin Hassan* had been two Years under the Tuition of his Master, who taught him perfectly to read; he learnt the *Alcoran* by heart. His Father *Noureddin Ali* put him afterwards to other Tutors, by whom his Mind was cultivated to such a Degree, that when he was twelve Years of Age he had no more occasion for them. And then as his Physiognomy promised Wonders, he was admir'd by all that looked upon him.

Hitherto *Noureddin Ali* had kept him to his Study, and had not yet brought him in Publick, but now he carried him to the Palace, on purpose to have the Honour of kissing the Sultan's Hand, who received him very graciously. The People that saw him in the Streets were charmed with his genteel Mein, and gave him a thousand Blessings.

His Father propos'd to make him capable of supplying his Place, spared no Cost for that end, and brought him up to Business of the greatest Moment, on purpose to qualify him betimes. In short, he omitted nothing to advance a Son he lov'd so well. But as he began to enjoy the Fruits of his Labour, he was all on a sudden taken with a violent Fit of Sicknefs; and finding himself past Recovery, dispos'd himself to die a good Musselman.

In

In that last and precious Moment he forgot not his Son *Bedreddin*, but call'd for him, and said, " My Son, you see this World is transitory, there is nothing durable but that which I shall speedily go to. You must therefore from henceforth begin to fit your self for this Change, as I have done; you must prepare for it without murmuring, and so as to have no Trouble of Conscience for not acting the part of a real honest Man. As for your Religion, you are sufficiently instructed in it, by what you have learnt from your Tutors, and your own Study; and as to what belongs to an honest Man, I shall give you some Instructions, which I hope you will make good use of. As it is a necessary thing to know one's self, and that you cannot come to that Knowledge, without you first understand who I am, I shall now tell it you.

" I am (says he) a Native of *Egypt*, my Father, your Grandfather, was first Minister to the Sultan of that Kingdom. I my self had the Honour to be Vizier to that same Sultan, and so has my Brother your Uncle, who I suppose is yet alive; his Name is *Schemseddin Mohammed*. I was oblig'd to leave him, and come into this Country, where I have rais'd my self to the high Dignity I now enjoy. But you will understand all these Matters more fully by a Manuscript that I shall give you."

At the same time, *Noureddin Ali* pulled out his Pocket-Book which he had writ with his own Hand, and carried always about him, and giving it *Bedreddin Hassan*, " Take it (said he) and read it at your leisure; you will find among other Things, the Day of my Marriage, and that of your Birth; these are such Circumstances, as perhaps you may hereafter have occasion to know, therefore you must keep it very carefully."

Bedreddin Hassan being most afflicted to see his Father in that Condition, and sensibly touch'd with this Discourse, could not but weep when he receiv'd the Pocket-Book, and promis'd at the same time never to part with it.

That very Moment *Noureddin Ali* fainted, so that it was thought he would have expir'd; but he came to himself again, and utter'd these Words,

My

My Son, says he, The First Instruction I give you, is not to make your self familiar with all sorts of People. The way to live happy is to keep your Mind to your self, and not to tell your Thoughts easily.

Secondly, Not to do Violence to any body whatever, for in that Case you will draw every Body's Hatred upon you. You ought to consider the World as a Creditor, to whom you owe Moderation, Compassion and Forbearance.

Thirdly, Not to say a Word when you are reproach'd; for as the Proverb says, *He that keeps Silence is out of Danger*. And in this Case particularly you ought to practise it. You also know what one of our Poets says upon this Subject, *That Silence is the Ornament and Safe-guard of Life*, that our Speech ought not to be like a Storm of Rain that spoils all. Never did any Man yet repent of having spoke too little, whereas many have been sorry that they spoke too much.

Fourthly, To drink no Wine, for that is the Source of all Vices.

Fifthly, To be frugal in your way of living; if you do not squander your Estate away, it will maintain you in time of Necessity. I do not mean you should be either too liberal, or too niggardly; for tho' you have never so little, if you husband it well, and lay it out on proper Occasions, you shall have many Friends; but if on the contrary you have great Riches, and make but a bad use of 'em, all the World will forsake you, and leave you to your self.

In short, *Noureddin Ali* continued till the last Moment of his Breath to give good Advice to his Son; and when he was dead he was magnificently interr'd.

Scheherazade stopt her Discourse here, because she saw Day, and deferr'd the Residue of the Story till next Night.

The Ninety Sixth Night.

THe Sultaneſs of the *Indies* being awak'd by her Sister *Dinarzade* at the usual Hour, she address'd her self to *Schahbriar*. Sir, said she, the Califf was very well satisfied to hear the Grand Vizier *Giaſar* relate his Story, and he continu'd it thus.

Noureddin Ali was buried with all the Honours due to his Quality. *Bedreddin Hassan* of *Balsora*, for so he was call'd,

call'd, because born in that Town, was so overwhelm'd with Grief for the Death of his Father, that instead of a Months Time to mourn, according to Custom, he kept himself close shut up in Tears and Solitude about two Months, without seeing any Body, or so much as going abroad to pay his Duty to the Sultan of *Balsora*; who, being displeased at this Neglect, look'd upon it as a Slight put on his Court and Person, suffer'd his Passion to prevail, and in his Fury call'd for the new Grand Vizier, (for he had created a new one as soon as *Noureddin Ali* died) commanded him to go to the House of the Deceased, and seize upon it, with all his other Houses, Lands and Effects, without leaving any thing for *Bedreddin Hassan*, and to bring him Prisoner along with him.

The new Grand Vizier, accompany'd with a great many Messengers belonging to the Palace, Justices, and other Officers, went immediately to execute his Commission. But one of *Bedreddin Hassan's* Slaves happening accidentally to come into the Crowd, no sooner understood the Vizier's Errand, but he run before in all haste to give his Master warning. He found him sitting in the Porch of his House, as melancholy as if his Father had but newly been dead. He fell down at his Feet out of Breath, and after he had kissed the Hem of his Garment, cry'd out, My Lord, save your self immediately. *Bedreddin Hassan* lifting up his Head, What's the Matter, what News dost thou bring? My Lord, said he, there is no time to be lost; the Sultan is horribly incensed against you, and he has sent People to take all that you have, and also to seize your Person.

The Words of this faithful and affectionate Slave, put *Bedreddin Hassan* into great Confusion; May not I have so much time, said he, as to take some Money and Jewels along with me? No, Sir, replied the Slave, the Grand Vizier will be here this Moment. Be gone immediately, save your self. *Bedreddin Hassan* rose up from his *Sofa* in all haste, and put his Feet in his Sandals, and after he had cover'd his Head with the Tail of his Gown that his Face might not be known, he fled, without knowing what way to go to avoid the impending Danger.

The first Thought that came in his Head, was, to get out of the next Gate with all speed. He run without stopping, till he came to the publick Church-yard, and since it was

growe

growing dark, he resolv'd to pass that Night on his Fathers Tomb. It was a large Edifice, in form of a Dome, which *Noureddin Ali* built when he was alive. *Bedreddin* met a very rich *Jew* by the way, who was a Banker and Merchant, and was returning from a Place where his Affairs had called him to the City.

The *Jew*, knowing *Bedreddin*, halted, and saluted him very curteously. Day beginning to appear as *Scheherazade* spoke those Words, she put it off till next Night, when she resum'd her Discourse again.

The Ninety Seventh Night.

SIR, said she, the Califf was very attentive to the Grand Vizier's Discourse, who went on after this manner. *Isaac* the *Jew*, after he had paid his Respects to *Bedreddin Hassan*, by kissing his Hand, says, My Lord, dare I be so bold as to ask whether you are going at this time of Night all alone, and so much troubled? Has any thing disquieted you? Yes, said *Bedreddin*, a while ago I was asleep, and my Father appearing to me in a Dream, looked very fiercely upon me, as if he were extraordinary angry. I started out of my Sleep very much frightned, and came out immediately to go and pray upon his Tomb.

My Lord, said the *Jew*, (who did not know the true Reason why *Bedreddin* left the Town) your Father of happy Memory, and my good Lord, had store of Merchandize in several Vessels, which are yet at Sea, and belong to you, I beg the Favour of you to grant me the first Refusal of them before any other Merchant. I am able to pay down ready Money for all the Goods that are in your Ship: And to begin, if you will, give me those that happen to come in the first Ship that arrives in Safety, I will pay you down in part of Payment 1000 *Sequins*. And drawing a Bag from under his Gown, he shew'd it him sealed up with one Seal.

Bedreddin Hassan being banish'd from home, and disposse's'd of all that he had in the World, look'd upon this Proposal of the *Jew's* as a Favour from Heaven, and therefore accepted it with a great deal of Joy. My Lord, said the *Jew*, then you sell unto me for 1000 *Sequins*, the Lading of the first of your Ships that shall arrive in this Port. Yes, answered

swered *Bedreddin*, I sell it to you for 1000 *Sequins*, it is done. Upon this the Jew deliver'd him the Bag of 1000 *Sequins*, and offered to count 'em, but *Bedreddin Hassan* sav'd him the Trouble, and said, He would trust his Word. Since it is so, My Lord, said he, be pleas'd to favour me with a small Note in Writing of the Bargain we have made, And having said this, pulled his Ink-horn from his Girdle, and taking a small Reed out of it neatly cut for Writing, he presented it to him, with a Piece of Paper he took out of his Letter-Cafe; and whilst he held the Ink-horn, *Bedreddin Hassan* wrote these Words.

THIS Writing is to Testify, That *Bedreddin Hassan* of *Balsora*, has sold to *Isaac* the Jew, for the sum of a Thousand *Sequins* received in Hand, the Lading of the first of his Ships that shall arrive in this Port.

Bedreddin Hassan of *Balsora*

This Note he deliver'd to the Jew, who put it in his Letter-Cafe, and then took his Leave of him.

While *Isaac* pursued his Journey to the City, *Bedreddin* made the best of his way to his Father *Noureddin Ali's* Tomb. When he came to it, he bowed his Face to the Ground, and with his Eyes full of Tears, deplored his miserable Condition. *Alas!* said he, Unfortunate *Bedreddin*, What will become of thee? Whither canst thou fly for Refuge against the unjust Prince that persecutes thee? Was it not enough to be afflicted for the Death of so dear a Father? Must Fortune needs add new Misfortunes to just Complaints? He continued a long time in this Posture, but at last rose up again, and leaning his Head upon his Father's Sepulchre, his Sorrows returned more violently than before, so that he sigh'd and mourned, till, overcome with Heaviness, he stretch'd himself all along upon the Floor, and fell asleep.

He had not slept long, till a Genie, who had retired to that Church-yard during the Day, and was intending, according to his Custom, to range about the World at Night, espying this young Man in *Noureddin Ali's* Tomb; he entered, and finding *Bedreddin* lying on his Back, was surprized at his Beauty.

Day-

Day-light appeared, and prevented *Scheherazade's* going on with her Story, but next Night at the usual Hour she continued it thus.

The Ninty Eighth Night.

WHEN the Genie had attentively consider'd *Bedreddin Hassan*, he said to himself. To judge of this Creature by his good Mein he would seem to be an Angel of the terrestrial Paradise, whom God has sent to put the World in a Flame with his Beauty. At last, after he had satisfied himself with looking upon him, he took a Flight into the Air, where meeting by chance with a Fairy, they saluted one another, after which he said to him, Pray descend with me into the Church-Yard, where I stay, and I will shew you a prodigious Beauty, which is worthy your Admiration as well as mine. The Fairy consented, and both descended in an Instant, they came into the Tomb, Look ye, said the Genie to the Fairy, showing him *Bedreddin Hassan*, did you ever see a young Man of a better Shape and more beautiful than this.

The Fairy, having attentively observ'd *Bedreddin*, returned to the Genie, I must confess, said she, that he's a very handsome Man, but I just now came from seeing an Object at *Cairo*, more admirable than this, and if you will hear me, I will tell you a strange Story concerning her. You will very much oblige me in so doing, answer'd the Genie. You must know then, said the Fairy, (for I will tell it you at length) That the Sultan of *Egypt* has a Vizier called *Schemsedden Mohammed*, who has a Daughter of about Twenty Years of Age, the most beautiful and complete Person that ever was known. The Sultan having heard of this Young Lady's beauty, sent the other Day for her Father, and told him, I understand you have a Daughter to marry; I have a mind to marry her. Will not you consent to it? The Vizier, who did not expect this Proposal, was troubled at it, and instead of accepting it joyfully, which another in his Place would certainly have done, he answer'd the Sultan; May it please your Majesty, I am not worthy of the Honour you would confer upon me, and I most humbly beseech you to pardon me, If I do not agree to your Request; You know I had a Brother, call'd

Nouredd-

Noureddin Ali, who had the Honour, as well as my self, to be one of your Viziers. We had some Difference together, which was the Cause of his leaving me on a sudden, and since that time I have had no Account of him till within these Four Days, that I heard he died at *Balsora*, being Grand Vizier to the Sultan of that Kingdom.

He has left a Son behind him, and there having been an Agreement between us to match our Children together, if ever we had any, I am persuaded he intended that Match when he died; and being desirous to fulfil the Promise on my part, I conjure your Majesty to grant me Leave. You have in your Court many other Lords who have Daughters as well as I, on whom you may please to bestow that Honour.

The Sultan of *Egypt* was incens'd against *Schemseddin Mohammed* to the highest Degree.

Here *Scheherazade* stopt, because Day appear'd. and next Night resum'd her Story, still personating the Vizier *Giasfar* speaking to *Haroun Alraschid* the Califf.

The Ninty Ninth Night.

THE Sultan of *Egypt* provoked at this bold Denial of *Schemseddin Mohammed*, says to him in Passion, which he could not restrain; Is this the way you requite my Proposal to stoop so low as to desire your Alliance. I know how to revenge your daring to prefer another to me, and I swear that your Daughter shall be married to the most contemptible and ugly of all my Slaves. And, having spoke those Words, he angrily bid the Vizier be gone, who went home to his House full of Confusion, and extraordinary sad.

This very Day the Sultan sent for one of his Grooms, who is Hump-back'd, Big-belly'd, Crook-legg'd, and as ugly as a Hobgoblin, and after having commanded *Schemseddin Mohammed* to consent to marry his Daughter to this ghastly Slave, he caused the Contract to be made, and signed by Witnesses in his own Presence. The Preparations for this Fantastical Wedding are all ready, and this very Moment all the Slaves belonging to the Lords of the Court of *Egypt*, are waiting at the Door of a Bagnio, each with a Flam-

Flambeau in his Hand, for the Crook-back'd Groom, who is bathing himself to go along with them to his Bride, who is already dress'd to receive him, and when I departed from *Cairo*, the Ladies met for that Purpose, were going to conduct her in all her nuptial Attire to the Hall, where she is to receive her Hump-back'd Bridegroom, and is this Minute now expecting him: I have seen her, and do assure you, that no Person can look upon her without Admiration.

When the Fairy left off speaking, the Genie says to him, Whatever you think or say, I cannot be persuaded that the Girl's beauty exceeds that of this young Man. I will not dispute it with you, answer'd the Fairy, for I must confess he deserves to be married to that charming Creature, which they design for Hump-back. And I think it were a Deed worthy of us to obstruct the Sultan of *Egypt's* Injustice, and put this young Gentleman in the Room of the Slave. You are in the right, answer'd the Genie, " I am
 " extremely oblig'd to you for so good a Thought; let us
 " deceive him. I consent to your revenge upon the Sul-
 " tan of *Egypt*, let us comfort a distressed Father, and make
 " his Daughter as happy as she thinks her self miserable;
 " I will do my utmost Endeavour to make this Project
 " take, and I am persuaded you will not be backward, I
 " will be at the Pains to carry him to *Cairo*, before he a-
 " wake, and afterwards leave it to your Care, to carry him
 " elsewhere, when we have accomplished our Design."

The Fairy and the Genie having thus concerted what they had to do, the Genie lifted up *Bedreddin Hassan* gently, and with an inconceivable Swiftmess, carried him through the Air, and set him down at the Door of a publick House next to the Bagnio, whence Hump-back was to come with the Train of Slaves that waited for him. *Bedreddin Hassan* awak'd that very Moment, and was mightily surpriz'd to find himself in the middle of a City he knew not, he was a going to cry out, and to ask where he was, but the Genie touch'd him gently on the Shoulder, and forbid him to speak a Word. Then he put a Torch in his Hand, and bid him go, and mix with the Crowd at the Bagnio-Door, and follow them till you come into a Hall, where they are going to celebrate a Marriage. The Bridegroom is a Hump-back'd Fellow, and by that you will easily

ly know him. Put your self at the Right-Hand as you go in, and then immediately open the Purse of *Sequins* you have in your Bosom, and distribute 'em among the Musicians and Dancers, as they go along; and when you are got into the Hall, give Money also to the Female Slaves you see about the Bride, when they come near you; but every time you put your Hand in the Purse, be sure you take out a whole Handful, and do not spare them. Observe to do every thing exactly as I have told you, with great Presence of Mind; be not afraid of any Person or Thing, and leave the rest to a Superior Power, who will order Matters as he thinks fit.

Young *Bedreddin*, being well instructed in all that he was to do, advanced towards the Door of the Bagnio; the first thing he did was to light his Torch at that of a Slave, and then mixing among them as if he belong'd to some Nobleman of *Cairo*, he marched along as they did, and followed Hump-back, who came out of the Bagnio, and mounted a Horse out of the Sultan's own Stable. Day-light appearing put a stop to *Scheherazade's* Discourse, and she deferr'd the following Part of the Story till next Night.

The Hundred Night.

SIR, said she, The Vizier *Giasar* continued his discourse, and said, *Bedreddin Hassan*, coming near to the Musicians, and Men and Women Dancers, who went just before the Bridegroom, pulled out time after time whole Handfuls of *Sequins*, which he distributed among them: And as he thus gave his Money with all unparallel'd Grace, and engaging Mien, all those that received it cast their Eyes upon him, and after they had a full View of his Face, they found him so handsome and comely that they could not look off again.

At last they came to *Schemseddin Mohammed's* Gate who was *Bedreddin Hassan's* Uncle, and little thought his Nephew was so near. The Door-keepers, to prevent any Disorder, kept back all the Slaves that carried Torches, and would not let them come in. *Bedreddin* was likewise refused, but the Musicians, who had free Entrance, stood still and protested they wou'd not go in, if they hindred him to go along with them. He is not one of the Slaves, said they,
look

look upon him and you'll soon be satisfied as to that. He is certainly a young Stranger, who is curious to see the Ceremonies observed at Weddings in this City ; and saying thus, they put him in the midst of them, and carried him in whether the Porters would or no, they took his Torch out of his Hand, and gave it to the first they met ; having brought him into the Hall, they placed him at the Right-hand of the Hump-back'd Bridegroom, who sat near the Vizier's Daughter on a Throne most richly adorn'd.

She appear'd very lovely in all her Dresses, but in her Face there was nothing to be seen but Vexation and mortal Grief. The Cause of this was easy to be guessed at, when she had by her Side a Bridegroom so very deformed, and so unworthy of her Love. The Throne of that ill-match'd Couple, was in the midst of a *Sopha*. The Ladies of the Emirs, Vizier's, and those of the Sultan's Bed-Chamber, and several other Ladies of the Court and City were placed on each side, a little lower, every one according to their Quality, and all of them so fine and richly dress'd, that it was one of the pleastest Sights that could be seen, each of 'em holding a large Wax-Taper in their Hand.

When they saw *Bedreddin Hassan* come into the Room, they all fix'd their Eyes upon him, and admiring his Shape, his Behaviour and the Beauty of his Face, they could not forbear looking upon him. When he was set down, every one left their Seats, and came near to him to have a full View of his Face, and almost all of 'em as they turned to their Seats, found themselves moved with tender Passion.

The Disparity between *Bedreddin Hassan* and the Hump-back'd Groom, who made such a horrible Figure, occasion'd a great Murmuring among the Company, insomuch that the Ladies cried out, We must give our Bride to this handsome young Gentleman, and not to this ugly Hump-back. Nor did they rest here, but utter'd Imprecations against the Sultan, who abusing his absolute Power, would unite Uglinefs and Beauty together. They did also upbraid the Bridegroom, so as they put him quite out of Countenance, to the great Satisfaction of the Spectators, whose Shouts for some time put a stop to the Consort of Musick in the Hall. At last the Musicians began again, and the Women, who had dress'd the Bride, came all about her. But

Scheherazade

Scheherazade perceiving Day, broke off till next Night, then she continued her Story.

Note, The Hundred and First, and the Hundred and Second Night, in the Original, contain only a Description of Seven Robes, and seven different Dresses, which the Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed's* Daughter changed at the Sound of the Instruments. And this Description having nothing pleasant in it; and besides, being intermixt with Verses which in the *Arabian* Tongue are very fine, but would lose their Beauty by a Translation. I thought it not worth while to translate those two Nights.

The Hundred and Third Night.

SIR, says *Scheherazade* to the Sultan of the *Indies*, I hope your Majesty has not forgot, that 'tis the Grand Vizier *Giafar* who speaks to the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*. Each time (continues he) that the new Bride changed her Habit, she rose up from her Seat, followed by her Bride-woman, and past by Hump-back without giving him one look, and went towards *Bedreddin Hassan*, before whom she presented herself in her new Attire. On this Occasion *Bedreddin*, according to the Instructions given him by the Genie, failed not to put his Hand in his Purse, and pulled out Handfuls of *Sequins*, which he distributed among the Women that follow'd the Bride. Nor did he forget the Players and Dancers, but also threw Money to them. 'Twas pleasant to see how they push'd one another to gather it up. They shewed themselves very thankful, and made him signs that the young Bride should be for him, and not for the Hump-back Fellow. The Women that attended her, told her the same thing, and did not value whether the Groom heard them or not, for they put a Thousand Tricks upon him, which very much pleased the Spectators.

When the Ceremony of changing of Habits was pass'd, the Musick ceased and went away, but made a Sign to *Bedreddin Hassan* to stay behind. The Ladies did the same, and went all Home, but those that belong'd to the House. The Bride went into a Closet, whither her Women followed to undress her, and none remain'd in the Hall but the Hump-back Groom, *Bedreddin Hassan*, and some of the Domesticks.

Hump-

Hump-back, who was furiously mad at *Bedreddin* suspecting him to be his Rival, gave him a cross Look, and said: And thou, what dost thou wait for? Why art thou not gone as well as the rest? Begone. *Bedreddin*, having no Pretence to stay, withdrew, not knowing what to do with himself. But he was not got out of the Porch, when the Genie and Fairy met, and stopp'd him. Whither are you going? *said the Fairy*, stay, for Hump-back is not in the Hall, he is gone out about some Business; you have nothing to do but return, and introduce your self into the Bride's Chamber. As soon as you are alone with her, tell her boldly, That you are her Husband, that the Sultan's Intention was only to make Sport with the Groom; and to make this pretended Bridegroom some amends, you had caus'd to be prepar'd for him, in the Stable a good Dish of Cream. And then tell her all the fine things you can think on to persuade her; for being so handsome as you are, little Persuasion will do, she will think herself happy of being deceived so agreeably. In the mean time, we will take care that Hump-back shall not return, and let nothing hinder you to pass the Night with your Bride, for she is yours, and none of his.

While the Fairy thus encouraged *Bedreddin*, and instructed him how he should behave himself, Hump-back was really gone out of the Room. For the Genie went to him in the Shape of a great Cat, miauling at a most fearful Rate. The Fellow called to the Cat, and clapt his Hands to make her flee, but instead of that, the Cat stood upon her hinder Feet, staring with her Eyes like Fire, looking fiercely at him, miauling louder than she did at first, and growing bigger till she was as large as an Ass. At this sight, Hump-back would have cried out for Help, but his Fear was so great, that he stood gaping, and could not utter one Word; and that he might have no time to recover, the Genie changed himself immediately into a large Buffalo, and in this Shape called to him with a Voice that redoubled his Fear, *Thou Hump-back Villain*. At these Words the affrighted Groom cast him self on the Ground, and covering his Face with his Gown that he might not see this dreadful Beast, "Sovereign Prince of Buffaloes, (said he) what is 't you want of me?" "Wo be to thee (replies the Genie) hast thou the boldness to venture to marry my Mistress." "O my Lord, (said Hump-back) I pray you to pardon me,"

“ if I am guilty ’tis thro’ Ignorance. I did not know that
 “ this Lady had a Buffalo to her Sweet-heart; command
 “ me in any thing you please, I give you my Oath that I
 “ am ready to obey you. By Death, (replied the Genie)
 “ if thou goest out from hence, or speakest a Word till the
 “ Sun rises, I will crush thy Head to pieces; but then I give
 “ thee Leave to go from hence: I warn thee to make dif-
 “ patch, and not to look back; but if thou hast the Im-
 “ pudence to return, it shall cost thee thy Life.” When
 the Genie had done speaking, he transformed himself into
 the Shape of a Man, took Hump-back by the Legs, and
 after having set him against the Wall with his Head down-
 wards, If thou stir, *said he*, before the Sun rise, as I have
 told thee already, I will take thee by the Heels again, and
 dash thy Head in a thousand pieces against the Wall.

To return to *Bedreddin Hassan*, who being prompt’d by
 the Genie, and the Presence of the Fairy, he got into the
 Hall again, from whence he slipt into the Bride-chamber,
 where he sat down expecting the Success of his Adventure.
 After a while the Bride arriv’d, conducted by an old Matron,
 who came no further than the Door, exhorting the Bride-
 groom to do his Duty like a Man, without looking in to
 see if it was Hump-back or another, and then locked the
 Door, and retir’d.

The young Bride was mightily surpriz’d instead of
 Hump-back to find *Bedreddin Hassan*, who came up to her
 with the best Grace in the World. “ What! My dear
 “ Friend, (*said she*) by your being here at this time of
 “ Night, you must be my Husband’s Comrade?” “ No,
 “ Madam, (*said Bedreddin*) I am of another sort of Qua-
 “ lity than that ugly Hump-back.” “ But (*said she*) you
 “ don’t consider that you speak degradingly of my Hus-
 “ band.” “ He your Husband, Madam, (replies he) can
 “ you retain those Thoughts so long? be convinc’d of
 “ your Mistake, Madam, for so much Beauty must never
 “ be sacrific’d to the most contemptible of all Mankind.
 “ ’Tis I, Madam, that am the happy Mortal for whom it
 “ is reserv’d. The Sultan had a mind to make himself
 “ merry, by putting this Trick upon the Vizier your Fa-
 “ ther, but he has chosen me to be your real Husband. You
 “ might have observed how the Ladies, the Musicians,
 “ the Dancers, your Women, and all the Servants of your
 “ Family were pleas’d with this Comedy. We have sent
 “ that

" that Hump-back Fellow to his Stable again, where he is just now eating a Dish of Cream. And you may rest assur'd, that he will never appear any more before your Eyes."

At this Discourse the Vizier's Daughter (who was more like one dead than alive when she came into the Bride-chamber) put on a gay Air, which made her so handsome, that *Bedreddin* was perfectly charm'd with her.

I did not expect, *said she*, to meet with so pleasant a Surprise; and I had condemn'd my self to live unhappy all my Days. But my good Fortune is so much the greater, that I possess in you a Man that is worthy of my tenderest Affection.

Having spoke thus, she undress'd herself and step'd into Bed, *Bedreddin Hassan* overjoy'd to see himself Possessor of so many Charms, made haste to follow her, and laid his Cloaths upon a Chair, with his Bag that he got from the Jew; which notwithstanding all the Money he had pulled out, was still full. He likewise laid off his Turban, and put on a Night-cap that had been ordain'd for Hump-back, and so went to Bed in his Shirt

and Drawers. * His Drawers were of blue Sattin, tied with a Lace of Gold.

* *All the Eastern Nations lie in their Drawers, and this Circumstance will stand him in stead in the Sequel of the Story.*

Day beginning to dawn, oblig'd *Scheherazade* to stop, but next Night, being call'd upon at the ordinary Hour, she resumed her Story, and went on after this manner.

The hundred and Fourth Night.

WHILST the two Lovers were asleep, (said the Grand Vizier *Giasar*) the Genie, who had met again with the Fairy, says to him, That it was high time to finish what was begun, and so successfully carried on hitherto, then let us not be overtaken by Day-light, which will soon appear, go you and bring off the young Man again without awak'ning him.

The Fairy went into the Bed-chamber where the two Lovers were fast asleep, took up *Bedreddin Hassan* just as he was, that is to say, in his Shirt and Drawers, and in Company with the Genie with a wonderful Swiftneis flew away with him to the Gates of *Damascus* in *Syria*, where they arrived just at the time when the Officers of

the Mosques appointed for that End, were calling the People to come to Prayers at the break of Day. The Fairy laid *Bedreddin Hassan* softly on the Ground, and, leaving him close by the Gate, departed with the Genie.

The Gate of the City being open'd and a great many People assembled to get out, they were mightily surpriz'd to see *Bedreddin Hassan* lying in his Shirt and Drawers upon the Ground. One said, He has been hard put to it to get away from his Mistress, that he could not get time to put on his Cloaths. Look ye, *says another*, how People expose themselves, sure enough he has spent some part of the Night in drinking with his Friends, 'till he has got drunk, and then, perhaps, having occasion to go out, instead of returning is come this length, and not having his Senses about him, was overtaken with Sleep. Others were of another Opinion; but no Body could guess what had been the occasion of his coming thither.

A small Puff of Wind happening to blow at the same time, uncover'd his Breast that was whiter than Snow. Every one being struck with Admiration at the Fineness of his Complexion, they spoke so loud that it awak'd the young Man.

His Surprizal was as great as theirs, when he found himself at the Gate of a City, where he had never been before, and encompassed by a Croud of People gazing at him. Gentlemen, *said he*, for Gods sake tell me where I am, and what you would have of me? *One of the Crowd spoke to him, saying*, Young Man, the Gates of the City were just now open'd, and as we came out we found you lying here in this Condition, and stood still to look on you; Have you lain here all Night? And don't you know that you are at one of the Gates of *Damascus*? At one of the Gates of *Damascus*! answer'd *Bedreddin*; sure you mock me. When I lay down to sleep last Night, I was at *Cairo*. When he said these Words, some of the People, moved with Compassion for him, said, 'Tis a pity that such a handsome Young Man should have lost his Senses, and so went away.

My Son, *says an old Gentleman to him*, you know not what you say, How is it possible that you being this Morning at *Damascus*, could be last Night at *Cairo*? 'Tis true for all that, *said Bedreddin*; for I swear to you, that I was all Day Yesterday at *Balsora*. He had no sooner said these Words,

Words, but all the People fell into a Fit of Laughter, and cried out, *He's a Fool, he's a Madman*. There were some however that pitied him because of his Youth; and one among the Company said to him, My Son, you must certainly be crazed, you do not consider what you say. Is it possible that a Man could yesterday beat *Balsora*, the same Night at *Cairo*, and next Morning at *Damascus*? Sure you are asleep still; come rouse up your Spirits. What I say, answer'd *Bedreddin Hassan*, is so true, that last Night I was married in the City of *Cairo*. All those that laugh'd before, could not forbear laughing again, when he said so, call your self to mind, says the same Person that spoke before, you have sure enough dreamt all this, and that Fancy still possesses your brain. I am sensible of what I say, answer'd the Young Man. " Pray can you tell me how it was possible
 " for me to go in a Dream to *Cairo*, where I am very cer-
 " tain I was in Person, and where my Bride was seven
 " times brought before me, each time dress'd in a different
 " Habit, and where I saw an ugly Hump-back Fellow,
 " to whom they intended to give her. Besides I want to
 " know what is become of my Gown, my Turban, and
 " the Bag of *Sequins* I had at *Cairo*."

Tho' he assur'd them that all these things were Matter of Fact, yet they could not forbear to laugh at him; which put him into such a Confusion, that he knew not well what to think of all those Adventures.

Day-light which began to appear in *Schahbriar's* Apartment, impos'd Silence on *Scheherazade*, but next night she resum'd her Story.

The Hundred and Fifth Night.

SIR, said she, after *Bedreddin Hassan* had confidently affirm'd all that he said to be true, he rose up to go into the Town, and every one that followed him, call'd out, *A Madman, a Fool*. Upon this some look'd out at their Windows, some came to their Doors, and others join'd with those that were about him, calling out as they did, *Madman*, but not knowing for what. In this Perplexity of Mind the young Gentleman happen'd to come before a Pastry-Cook's Shop, and went into it to avoid the Rabble.

This Pastry-Cook had formerly been Captain to a Troop of *Arabian* Robbers, who plunder'd the Caravans; and though he was become a Citizen of *Damascus*, where he

behaved himself to every one's Content, yet he was dreaded by all those that knew him; wherefore, as soon as he came out to the Rabble that follow'd *Bedreddin*, they dispers'd.

The Pastry-Cook seeing them all gone, ask'd him what he was, and who brought him thither? *Bedreddin Hassan* told him all, not concealing his Birth, nor the Death of his Father the Grand Vizier: He afterwards gave him an Account why he left *Balsora*; how, after he fell asleep the Night following upon his Father's Tomb, he found himself when he awaked at *Cairo*, where he had married a Lady; and at last, in what Amazement he was in when he found himself at *Damascus*, without being able to penetrate into all those wonderful Adventures.

"Your History is one of the most surprizing (said the Pastry-Cook) but if you will follow my Advice, you shall let no Man know those Matters you have revealed to me, but patiently expect till Heaven think fit to put an end to your Misfortunes; you shall be free to stay with me till then; and since I have no Children, I will own you for my Son, if you consent to it; and after you are so adopted, you may freely walk up and down the City, without being exposed any more to the Insults of the Rabble."

Tho' this Adoption was below the Son of a Grand Vizier, *Bedreddin* was glad to accept of the Pastry-Cook's Proposals, judging it the best thing he could do, considering his then Circumstances. The Cook cloathed him, call'd for Witnesses, and went before a Notary, where he acknowledg'd him for his Son. After this, *Bedreddin* staid with him, by the Name of *Hassan*, and learned the Pastry Trade.

Whilst this past at *Damascus*, *Schemseddin Mohammed's* Daughter awak'd, and finding *Bedreddin* gone out of Bed, suppos'd he had risen softly for fear of disturbing her, but he would soon return. As she was in Expectation of him, her Father the Vizier (who was mightily vex'd at the Affront put upon him by the Sultan) came and knock'd at her Chamber-Door, with a Resolution to bewail her sad Destiny. He called her by her Name, and she knowing him by his Voice, immediately got up, and open'd the Door. She kissed his Hand, and receiv'd him with so much Satisfaction in her Countenance, as surpriz'd the Vizier, (who expected to find her drown'd in Tears, and as much griev'd

as himself. Unhappy Wretch ! said he in a Passion, Do you appear before me thus, after the hideous Sacrifice you have just consummated, can you see me with so much Satisfaction. *Scheherazade* left off when he she came this length, because Day appear'd; and next Night resum'd her Discourse to the Sultan of the *Indies*.

The Hundred and sixth Night.

SIR, the Grand Vizier *Giafar* went on with the Relation of *Bedreddin Hassan's* Story thus.

The new Bride seeing her Father angry at her pleasant Countenance, says to him, For God's sake, Sir, do not reproach me wrongfully; 'tis not the Hump back Fellow, whom I abhor more than Death; 'tis not that Monster I have married, every body laugh'd him so to scorn, and put him so out of Countenance, that he was forc'd to run away and hide himself, to make room for a charming Young Gentleman, who is my real Husband. What a Fable do you tell me, said *Schemseddin Mohammed*, roughly? What! Did not Crook-back lie with you to-Night? No, Sir, said she, It was that young Gentleman, I told you of who has large Eyes, and black Eye-brows. At these Words the Vizier lost all Patience, and fell into a terrible Passion; Ah wicked Woman! says he, you will make me distracted? 'Tis you, Father, said she, that puts me out of my Senses by your Incredulity. So 'tis not true then, replies the Vizier, that Hump-back, ——— Let us talk no more of Hump-back, said she, a Curse upon Hump-back, must I always have him cast in my Dish. Father, said she, I tell you once more, that I did not bed with him, but with my dear Spouse, who, I believe, is not very far off.

Schemseddin Mohammed went out to seek him, but instead of seeing him, was mightily surprized to find Hump-back with his Head on the Ground, and his Heels uppermost, as the Genie had set him against the Wall. What's the meaning of this, said he, who plac'd you thus? Crook-back, knowing it to be the Vizier, answer'd, Alas! alas! 'tis you then that would marry me to the Mistress of a Buffalo, the Sweet-heart of an ugly Genie, I won't be your Fool, you shan't put a Trick upon me.

Scheherazade stopt here, and next Night resum'd her story thus.

The Hundred and seventh Night.

SIR, *Schemseddin Mohammed*, when he heard *Hump-back* speak thus, thought he was raving, and bid him move, and stand upon his Legs. I will take care how I do that, said *Hump-back*, unless the Sun be risen. Know, Sir, that when I came hither last Night, on a sudden a black Cat appear'd to me, and in an instant grew as big as a *Buffalo*: I have not forgot what he said to me, therefore you may go about your Business, and leave me here. The *Vizier*, instead of going away, took him by the Heels, and made him get up. Then *Hump-back* ran as fast as he could, without looking behind him; and coming to the Palace, presented himself to the Sultan, who laugh'd heartily when he had told him the Story how the Genie had serv'd him.

Schemseddin Mohammed returned to his Daughter's Chamber, more astonish'd than before. Well then, my abused Daughter, said he, can you give me no further Light into this matter? Sir, said she, I can give you no other account than what I have done already. Here are my Husband's Cloaths which he left upon the Chair, perhaps you may find somewhat there that may solve your Doubt. Then she shew'd him *Bedreddin's* Turban, which he took and examin'd narrowly on all sides. I should take this to be a *Vizier's* Turban, if it were not made after the *Moussoul* * *Fashion*. But perceiving some-

what to be sew'd between the Stuff and the Lining; he call'd for Scizars, and having unrip'd it found the Paper which *Noureddin Ali* gave. *Bedreddin* his Son as he was dying, and he put it in his Turban for more Security.

* The Town of *Moussoul* is in *Mesopotamia*, built over against old *Nineveh*.

Schemseddin Mohammed, having open'd the Paper, knew his Brother *Noureddin's* Hand, and found this Subscription. For my Son *BEDREDDIN HASSAN*. Before he could make any Reflections upon it, his Daughter deliver'd him the Bag, that lay under his Cloaths, which he likewise open'd, and found it full of *Sequins*; for, as I told you before, notwithstanding all the Liberality of *Bedreddin*, it was still kept full by the Genie and Fairy. He read these following Words upon a Note in the Bag. A thousand *Sequins* belonging to *Isaac the Jew*. And these Lines underneath, which the *Jew* wrote before he parted from *Bedreddin*

Hassan, Delivered to Bedreddin Hassan, for the Cargo of the first of those Ships that formerly belong'd to Nouredin Ali his Father, of worthy Memory, sold unto me upon its Arrival in this Place. He had scarce read these Words, when he gave a shout, and fainted away.

Scheherazade gave over here, and next Night began again thus.

The Hundred and Eighth Night.

SIR, the Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed* being recovered from his Fit by the help of his Daughter, and the Women she called to her Assistance. Daughter (said he) do not frighten your self at this Accident, the Reason of it is such as you can scarcely believe. Your Bridegroom is your Cousin the Son of *Nouredin Ali*. The Thousand Sequins in the Bag puts me in mind of a Quarrel I had with my dear Brother; 'tis without doubt the Dowry, he gives you. God be praised for all Things, and particularly for this miraculous Adventure which demonstrates his Almighty Power. Then looking again upon his Brother's Writing, he kissed it several Times, shedding abundance of Tears.

He looked over the Book from one end to t'other, where he found the Date of his Brother's Arrival at *Balsora*, of his Marriage, and of the Birth of *Bedreddin Hassan*; and when he compar'd the same with the Day of his own Marriage, and the Birth of his Daughter at *Cairo*, he admir'd how every thing did agree so exactly.

This happy Discovery put him into such a transport of Joy, that he took up the Book, with the Ticket of the Bag, and shew'd it to the Sultan, who pardoned what was past, and was so much pleased with the Relation of this Adventure, that he caused it with all its Circumstances to be put in Writing for the Use of Posterity.

Mean while the Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed* could not comprehend the Reason why his nephew did not appear; he expected him every Moment, and was impatient to have him in his Arms. After he had expected him seven Days in vain, he searched for him through all *Cairo*, but could hear no News of him, which perplex'd him very much. This is the strangest Adventure, said he, that ever Man met with. And not knowing what Alterations might happen, he thought fit to draw up in Writing with his own Hand, after what Manner the Wedding had been solemniz'd; how the Hall and the Daughter's Bed-chamber

chamber was furnish'd, and other Circumstances. He likewise made the Turban, the Bag, and the rest of *Bedredin's* Things into a Bundle, and lock'd them up ———

The Sultaness stopp'd here, and next Night pursued her Discourse thus.

The Hundred and Ninth Night.

SIR, after some Days were past, the Vizier's Daughter perceiv'd herself with Child, and was brought to Bed of a Son after Nine Months. A Nurse was provided for the Child, besides * *This Word in Ara-* other Women and Slaves to wait bick *signifies Wonder-* upon him ; and his Grandfather *ful.* call'd him *Agib*. *

When young *Agib* had attain'd the Age of Seven, the Vizier instead of learning him to read at home, put him to School with a Master who was in great Esteem ; and two Slaves were order'd to wait upon him. *Agib* us'd to play with his School-fellows, and as they were inferior to him in Quality, they shewed him great Respect, according to the Example of their Master, who many times would pass by Faults in him, that he would not pass by in the rest. This Complaisance spoiled *Agib*, so that he became proud and insolent, would have his Play-fellows bear all of him, and would bear nothing from them, but be Master every where, and if any one took the Liberty to thwart him, he would call them a thousand Names and many times beat them.

In short, all the Scholars were weary of his Company and complained of him to their Master. He answered, That they must have Patience. But when he saw that *Agib* still grew more and more insolent, and occasion'd him a great deal of Trouble, Children said he to his Scholars, I find *Agib* is a little insolent Gentleman; I will shew you a way how to mortify him, so as he shall never torment you any more. Nay, I believe it will make him leave the School. When he comes again to Morrow, and that you have a mind to play together, set your selves round him, and do one of you call out, Come let us play, but upon Condition, That they who desire to play shall tell his own Name, and the Names of his Father and Mother ; and they who refuse it, shall be esteem'd bastards, and not suffer'd to play in our Company.

Next Day, when they were gather'd together, they fail'd not to follow their Master's Instructions ; they plac'd them-

themselves round *Agib*, and one of them call'd out, Let us begin a Play, but on Condition, That he that cannot tell his own Name, and that of his Father and Mother, shall not play at all. They all cried out, and so did *Agib*, We consent to it. Then he that spoke first ask'd every one the Question, and all fulfill'd the condition except *Agib*, who answer'd, My Name is *Agib*, my Mother is call'd the Lady of beauty, and my Father *Schemseddin Mohammed*, Vizier to the Sultan.

At these Words all the Children cried out, *Agib*, What do you say? That's not the Name of your Father, but your Grand-father. A Curse on you, said he in a Passion. What! Dare you say that the Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed* is not my Father? No, no, cried they with great Laughter, he is but your Grandfather, and you shall not play with us. Nay, we will take care how we come into your Company. Having spoke thus, they all left him, scoffing him, and laughing among themselves, which mortified *Agib* so much, that he wept.

The School-master, who was near, and heard all that past, come just at the nick of time, and speaking to *Agib*, says he, *Agib*, do not you know that the Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed* is none of your Father, but your Grand-father, and the Father of your Mother, the Lady of beauty. We know not the Name of your Father no more than you do. We only know that the Sultan was going to marry your Mother to one of his Grooms, a Hump-back Fellow; but a Genie lay with her. This is hard upon you, and ought to teach you to treat your School-fellows with less Haughtiness than you have done hitherto.

Here *Scheherazade* stopp'd, and next Night resum'd her Discourse thus.

The Hundred and Tenth Night.

SIR, Little *Agib* being nettled at this, run hastily out of the School, and went home crying. He came strait to his Mother's Chamber, who being alarm'd to see him thus griev'd, ask'd him the Reason? He could not answer for Tears, his Grief was so great, and it was but now and then he could speak plain enough to repeat what had been said to him, and occasion'd his Sorrow.

When he came to himself, "Mother (said he) for the
" Love of God be pleas'd to tell me who is my Father?"
My Son, (said she) "*Schemseddin Mohammed*, that every
" Day makes so much of you, he is your Father." You do
" not

“ not tell me the Truth, (said he) he is your Father, and
 “ none of mine. But whose Son am I?” At this Question, the Lady of Beauty calling to mind her Wedding-Night, which had been succeeded by a long Widowhood, began to shed Tears, repining bitterly at the Loss of so loving a Husband as *Bedreddin*.

Whilst the Lady of Beauty and *Agib* were both weeping, in comes the Vizier, who demanded the Reason of their Sorrow. The Lady told him the Shame *Agib* had undergone at School, which did so much affect the Vizier, that he join'd his Tears with theirs; and judging from this, that the Misfortune that had happen'd to his Daughter, was the common Discourse of the Town, he was quite out of Patience.

Being thus afflicted, he went to the Sultan's Palace, and falling prostrate at his Feet, most humbly pray'd him to give him Leave to make a Journey into the Provinces of the *Levant*, and particularly to *Balsora*, in search of his Nephew *Bedreddin Hassan*. For he could not bear any longer, that the People of the City should believe a Genie had got his Daughter with Child.

The Sultan was much concern'd at the Vizier's Affliction, approv'd his Resolution, and gave him Leave to go. He caus'd a Pass-port also to be wrote for him, praying, in the most obliging Terms that could be, all Kings and Princes, in whose Dominions the said *Bedreddin* might sojourn, to grant that the Vizier might bring him along with him.

Schemseddin Mohammed, not knowing how to express his Thankfulness to the Sultan for this Favour, thought it his Duty to fall down before him a second time, and the Floods of Tears he shed, gave him sufficient Testimony of his Gratitude. At last, having wished the Sultan all manner of Prosperity, he took his Leave, and went home to his House, where he disposed every thing for his Journey; and the Preparations for it were carried on with so much Diligence, that in four Days after he had left the City, accompany'd with his Daughter, the Lady of Beauty, and his Grandson *Agib*.

Scheherazade, perceiving Day, stopp'd. And the Sultan of the *Indies* got up, extreamly pleas'd with the Sultane's Discourse, and resolv'd to hear it to the end, *Scheherazade* satisfied his Curiosity, in the Night following, thus.

A R A-

The Hundred and Eleventh Night.

SIR, the Grand Vizier *Giafar* continuing his Discourse to the Califf, *Haroun Alraschid*, proceeded thus. *Schemseddin Mohammed* set out for *Damascus* with his Daughter, the beautiful Lady, and *Agib* his Grandchild. They travelled Nineteen Days without stopping any where; but on the Twentieth, arriving in a very pleasant Mead, at a small distance from the Gate of *Damascus*, they stopp'd there, and pitch'd their Tents upon the Banks of a River that runs through the Town, and gives a very agreeable Prospect to its Neighbourhood.

The Vizier *Schemseddin Mohammed* declar'd he would stay in that pleasant Place two Days, and pursue his Journey on the Third. In the mean time he gave Leave to his Retinue to go to *Damascus*: And almost all of 'em made use of it; some influenc'd by a Curiosity to see a City they had heard so much of, and others by the Opportunity of vending there the *Egyptian* Goods they had brought with them, or buying Stuffs, and the Rarities of the Country. The beautiful Lady desiring her Son *Agib* might share in the satisfaction of viewing the celebrated City, order'd the black Eunuch, that acted in the Quality of his Governor, to conduct him thither, and take care he came to no Harm.

Agib in magnificent Apparel, went along with the Eunuch, who had a large Cane in his Hand. They had no sooner entred the City, than *Agib*, fair and glorious as the Day, attracted the Eyes of the People. Some got out of their Houses to gain a nearer and narrower View of him; others put their Heads out at the Windows, and those who pass'd along the Streets were not satisfied in stopping to look upon him; but kept pace with him, to prolong the Pleasure of the agreeable sight. In fine, there was no Body that did not admire him, and bequeath a thousand Benedictions to the Father and the Mother, that had given Being to so fine a Child. By chance the Eunuch and he pass'd by a Shop where *Bedreddin Hassan* was, and there the Crowd was so great that they were forced to halt.

The Pastry-Cook that had adopted *Bedreddin Hassan*, had died some Years before, and left him his Shop and all his Estate. So *Bedreddin* became Master of the Shop, and manag'd the Pastry-Trade so dextrously, that he gain'd great Reputation in *Damascus*. *Bedreddin* seeing so great a Crowd before his Door, that were gazing so attentively upon *Agib* and the black Eunuch, step'd out to see 'em himself.

This said, *Scheherazade* perceiv'd it was Day, and so was silent: Upon which *Schahriar* rose, impatient to know what should pass between *Agib* and *Bedreddin*. Towards the end of the next Night, the Sultaness satisfied his Impatience, in resuming the Story as follows.

The Hundred and Twelfth Night.

B*edreddin Hassan*, continued the Vizier *Giasar*, having cast his Eyes particularly upon *Agib*, presently found himself moved, he knew not how nor what for. He was not struck like the People with the shining Beauty of the Boy; 'twas another Cause unknown to him, that gave Rise to the Trouble and Commotion he was in. 'Twas the Spring and Force of the Blood that worked in this tender Father, who, laying aside all Business, made up to *Agib*, and with an engaging Air, said to him: My little Lord, who has won my Soul, be so kind as to come into my Shop, and eat a Bit of such Fare as I have; that during that time I may have the Pleasure of admiring you at my Ease. These Words he pronounced with such Tenderness, that Tears trickled from his Eyes. Little *Agib* was mov'd when he saw it, and turning to the Eunuch, "This honest Man (says he) has a Face that pleases me; he speaks in such an affectionate manner, that I can't avoid complying with what he asks: Let's step into his House and taste his Pastry." "Ay, in my troth, (replied the Slave) 'twould be a fine thing to see the Son of a Vizier, like you, go into a Pastry-Shop to eat; do not you imagine that I'll suffer any such thing" Alas! My little Lord, (cried *Bedreddin*) 'tis a flaming Piece of Cruelty, to trust your Conduct in the Hands of a Person that treats you so harshly." Then applying himself to the Eunuch, "My good Friend, (continu'd he) Pray do not
him-

“ hinder this young Lord to grant me the Favour I ask ;
 “ do not put that piece of Mortification upon me : Rather
 “ do me the Honour to walk in along with him, and by so
 “ doing you’ll give the World to know, that tho’ your Out-
 “ side is brown like a Chestnut, your Inside is as white as
 “ his : Do you know (continued he) that I am Master of
 “ the Secret to make you white, instead of being black as
 “ you are.” This set the Eunuch a laughing, and then he
 asked *Bedreddin*, *What that secret was ? I’ll tell it you*, re-
 plied *Bedreddin* ; and so he repeated some Verses in praise
 of black Eunuchs, implying, that ’twas by their Ministry
 that the Honour of Princes, and of all great Men, was in-
 sured. The Eunuch was so charmed with these Verses,
 that without further Hesitation, he suffered *Agib* to go
 into the Shop, and went in with him himself.

Bedreddin Hassan was overjoyed, in having obtained
 what he so passionately desired, and falling about the Work
 he had thus discontinued, *I was a making*, said he, *Cream*
Tarts ; and you must with submission, eat of ’em ; I’m per-
swaded you’ll find them very good ; for my own Mother, who
makes them incomparably well, taught me to make ’em, and
the People send to buy them of me from all Quarters of the
Town. This said, he took a Cream Tart out of the Oven,
 and, after strewing upon it some Pomegranate-Kernels
 and Sugar, set it before *Agib*, who found it very delicious.

Another was served up to the Eunuch, and he gave the
 same Judgment.

While they were both eating, *Bedreddin Hassan* minded
Agib very attentively ; and after looking upon him again
 and again, it came into his Mind, that, for any thing he
 knew, he might have such a Son by his charming Wite,
 from whom he had been so soon and so cruelly separated ;
 and the very Thought drew Tears from his Eyes. He was
 a thinking to have put some Questions to little *Agib* about
 his Journey to *Damascus* ; but the Child had no time to
 gratify his Curiosity, for that the Eunuch, pressing him to
 return to his Grand-father’s Tents, took him away as soon
 as he had done eating. *Bedreddin Hassan*, not contented
 with looking after him, shut up his Shop immediately,
 and went after him.

When *Scheherazade* came to this Period, she perceived Day, and discontinued her Story. Then *Schahriar* rose, resolving to hear the Story out, and to suffer the Sultaness to live till she had made an end of it.

The End of the Third VOLUME.



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